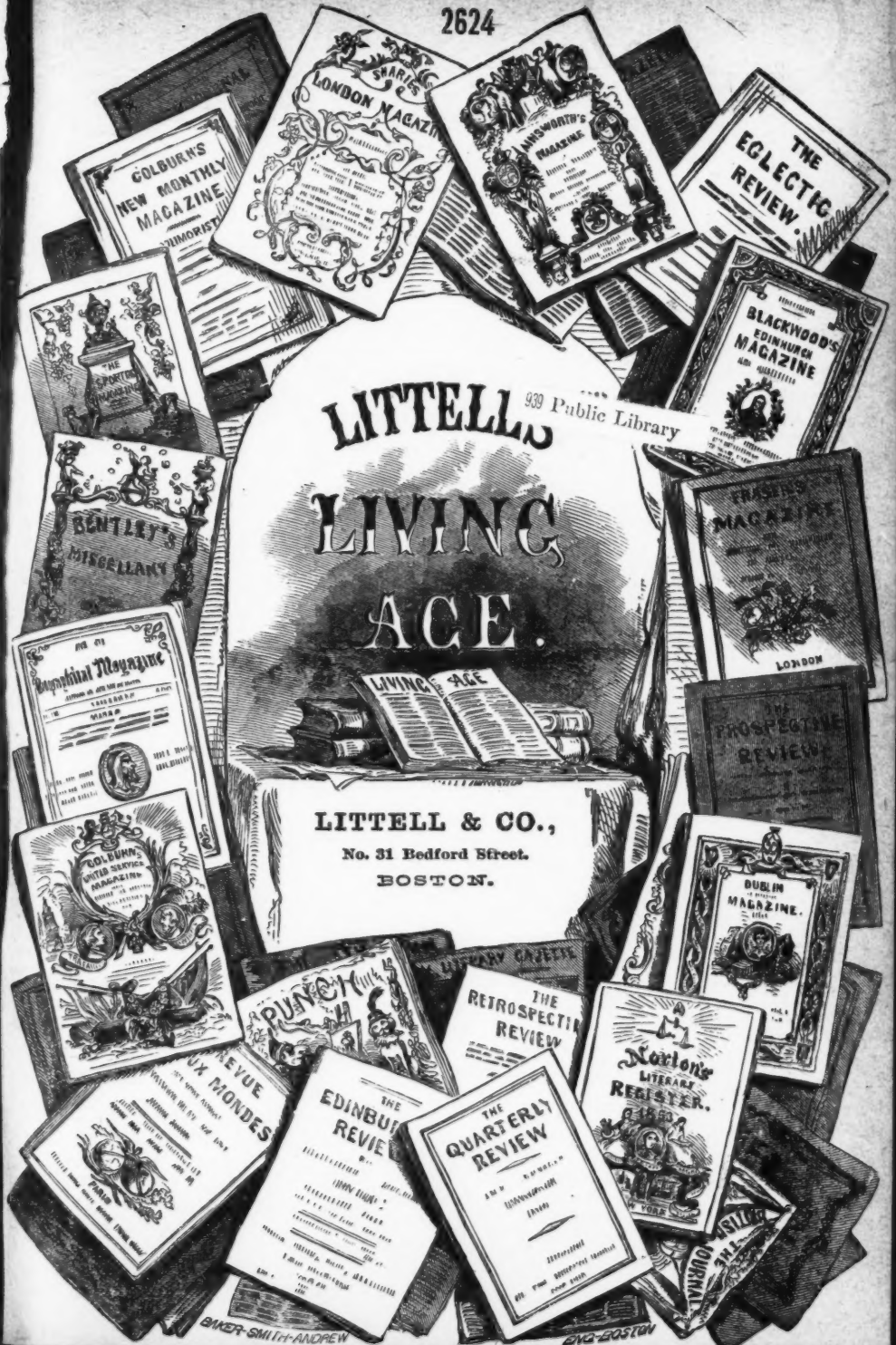


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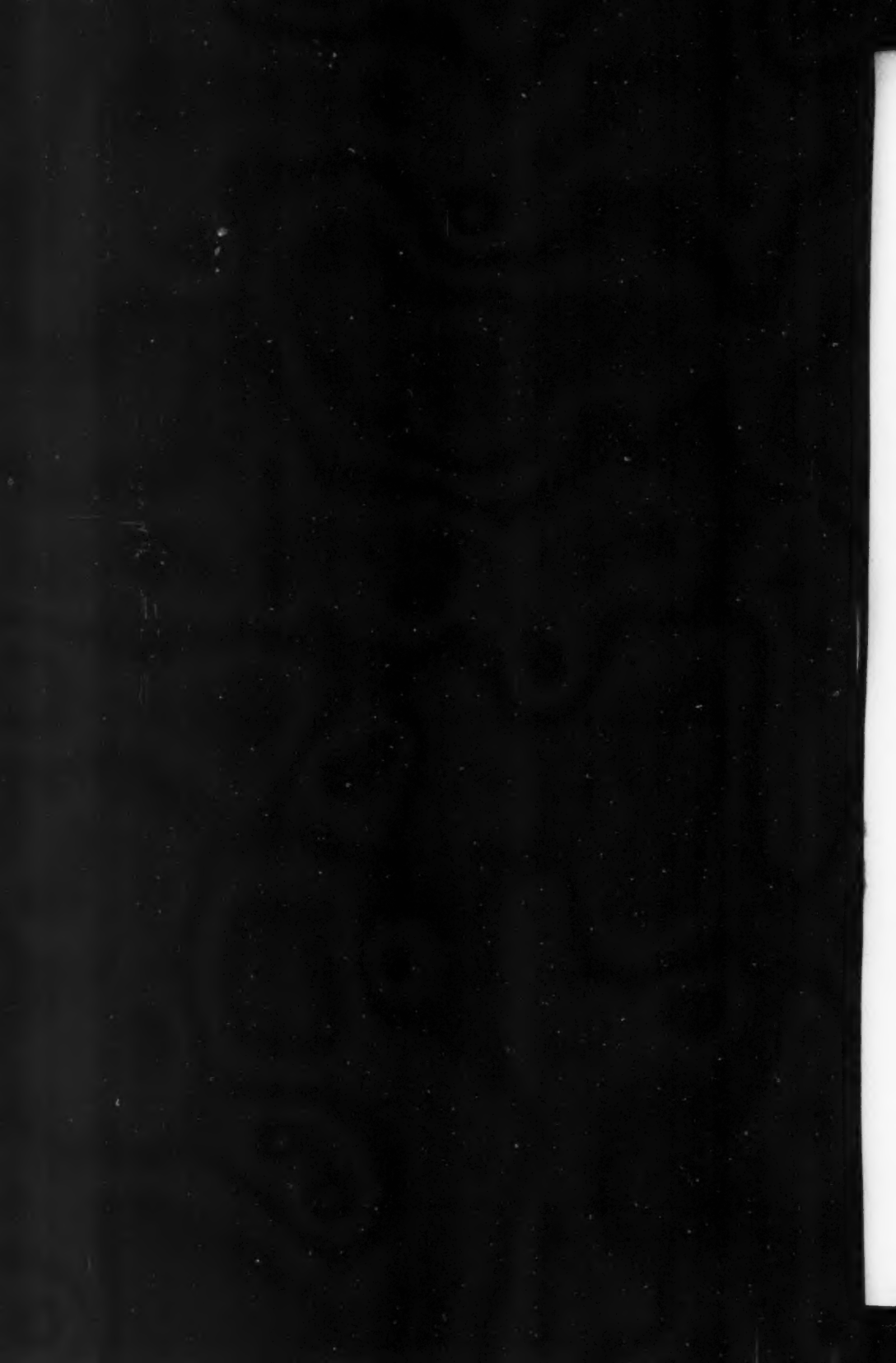
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Sixth Series, }  
Volume IV. }

No. 2624. — October 20, 1894.

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Vol. CCIII. }

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## AUTUMN SONGS.

## I.

ALL the waysides now are flowerless,  
 Soon the swallows shall be gone,  
 And the Hamadryads bowerless,  
 And the waving harvest done ;  
 But about the river-sources,  
 And the meres,  
 And the winding water-courses,  
 Summer smiles through parting tears.

Wanderers weary, oh, come hither,  
 Where the green-plumed willows bend,  
 Where the grasses never wither,  
 Or the purling noises end !  
 O'er the serried sedge, late blowing,  
 Surge and float  
 Golden flags, their shadows showing  
 Deep as in a castle-moat.

Like a ruby of the mosses,  
 Here the marsh pimpernel  
 Glowing crimson still embosses  
 Velvet verdure with its bell ;  
 And the scallop-leaved and splendid  
 Silver-weed,  
 By the maiden breezes tended,  
 Wears her flowers of golden brede.

Water-plantain, rosy vagrant,  
 Flings his garland on the wave ;  
 Mint in mid-stream rises fragrant,  
 Dressed in green and lilac brave ;  
 And that spies may never harass  
 In their baths  
 The shining Naiads, purple arras  
 Of the loosestrife veils the paths.

## II.

Aftermaths of pleasant green  
 Bind the earth in emerald bands ;  
 Pouring golden in between  
 Tides of harvest flood the lands ;  
 Showers of sunlight splash and dapple  
 The orchard park ;  
 And there the plum hangs and the apple  
 Like smouldering gems and lanterns  
 dark.

Let no shallow jester croak ;  
 Fill the barn and brim the bowl ;  
 Here is harvest, starving folk,  
 Here ! with bread for every soul !  
 Rouse yourselves with happy ditties  
 And hither roam,  
 Forsaking your enchanted cities  
 To keep the merry harvest-home.

Surely now there needs no sigh ;  
 Bid the piper bring his pipe !  
 Sound aloud the harvest-cry ;  
 Once again the earth is ripe !

Golden grain in sunlight sleeping  
 When winds are laid,  
 Can dream no dismal dream of weeping  
 Where broken-hearted women fade.

More than would for all suffice  
 From the earth's broad bosom pours ;  
 Yet in cities wolfish eyes  
 Haunt the windows and the doors.  
 Mighty one in Heaven who carvest  
 The sparrows' meat,  
 Bid the hunger and the harvest  
 Come together, we entreat !

Aftermaths of pleasant green  
 Bind the earth in emerald bands ;  
 Pouring golden in between  
 Tides of harvest flood the lands.  
 Let the wain roll home with laughter,  
 The piper pipe,  
 And let the girls come dancing after,  
 For once again the earth is ripe.

Speaker. JOHN DAVIDSON.

## THE OLD CEMETERY AT QUIBERON.

BURIED in sand that drifts upon their  
 graves,  
 Near to the white fringe of the fretful  
 sea,  
 The dead lie close, a quiet company  
 Where poppies wanton and the tamarisk  
 waves.

Only a low rough wall and granite blocks  
 Patched with the solemn lichen's grey-  
 green hair,  
 Now mark their place upon the dune, so  
 bare  
 But for the purple of the wind-blown  
 stocks.

A bare-legged child comes hither with a  
 sheep  
 That scales the wall and crops the poor  
 thin grass  
 Around the tombs ; waiting, the little  
 lass  
 Stands as she knits and, knitting, seems to  
 sleep.

No more the spade stirs here the buried  
 bones.  
 Few now are they who come to kneel  
 and mourn ;  
 But tender sighs are from the tamarisk  
 borne,  
 And the lark carols, though the sad sea  
 groans.

Temple Bar. E. HARRISON BARKER.

From The National Review.  
HOBBS.<sup>1</sup>

THOMAS HOBBS of Malmesbury fills a large room every way in the history of English literature and speculation in the seventeenth century. He was the father of the only school of political philosophy which can be properly and distinctly called English, a school which commands or very lately commanded the allegiance of almost all English authors on the theory of politics and law. His fame beyond his own country was not less widely and quickly spread than Bacon's before him, and was not surpassed, if it was equalled, by Locke's after him. We may fairly reckon him among the masters and founders of modern English prose. Full justice, I am disposed to think, is still not commonly done to him in this respect, though Hallam wrote many years ago: "Hobbes is perhaps the first of whom we can say that he is a good English writer." There can be no better evidence for the strength of those titles to other kinds of renown which have been able to distract the attention of careful readers, even in his own country, from a quality so considerable and, in Hobbes's time, still so rare. Another distinction, probably less unenviable to Hobbes than it would have been to most men, is conspicuous in the extraordinary vehemence with which his doctrines were repudiated and assailed by men whose tempers and opinions were almost as far apart from one another as from Hobbes's own. This (though not really much else) he had in common with Spinoza; they were the two best abused and worst understood men of their generation. Besides all this, his life covered practically the whole intellectual development of a century and the whole political fortunes of a dynasty. He was more than forty years senior to Spinoza, and outlived him by two years. In his

youth it was still possible for Bacon to slight the Copernican astronomy; his latter days were the days of Boyle and Newton, and the Royal Society was getting to work. Hobbes was born in 1588, the year of the Armada, when England was united by the common danger impending from Philip of Spain, the enemy of loyal English Catholics no less than of Protestants; when Puritans were only beginning to be heard of, and Scotland was still an independent kingdom. In 1679, the year of Hobbes's death, England had passed through the Civil War; the Puritan movement had culminated; a succession of experiments in government had been crowded into the twelve years of the Commonwealth; the Stuart dynasty had done its one good and durable work of uniting the crowns of England and Scotland, and was enjoying its last success in such fashion as to throw away the last chance of making the success a permanent one. The glories of Elizabethan literature had waxed and waned, and Pepys's judgment (though not to be known for the amusement of posterity till long after) had already weighed Shakespeare's dramatic art in the balance of Restoration taste, and found "Othello" a mighty mean thing in comparison with the "Adventures of Five Hours." The prevailing fashions in literature were farther, much farther, from those among which Hobbes had grown up than ours are now. A well filled and well recorded life extending over such a period could hardly fail to be rich in interest for students of English thought, even if Hobbes had been a much lesser man than in fact he was.

It is essential to bear in mind, if we would realize Hobbes's position and influence, that he was by no means a mere man of books. On the contrary, he was a typical active Englishman, with most of the specially English qualities developed even to exaggeration. His usual description, Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, bears witness to his English and Saxon breeding. No county could be safer than Wiltshire, so far as place can give security,

<sup>1</sup> An university extension lecture given at Oxford on August 11th. It is proper, though for scholars almost superfluous, to acknowledge my constant obligations to my late friend G. Croom Robertson's excellent monograph on Hobbes.

from inroads of Celtic passion or Scandinavian exaltation, or the moods of unchecked imagination, now brooding, now soaring, which in some measure are common to the Norseman and the Celt. Certainly no strain of either kind came out in Hobbes to derange the balance of his English nature. Sturdy, complete, and self-sufficient, he went through his work untroubled by doubts, making straight for the end then and there before him, neither seeking nor shunning a fight, but quite determined to turn back for nobody, and, when fighting did come in his way, rather liking it than not. He was not over swift in making up his mind, and he was slow in declaring it publicly, but he seldom or never gave up an opinion once formed or avowed. Even more English was his deliberate rejection, amounting to contempt, of authority in intellectual matters, and his strong and often irrational mistrust of specialists in every kind of learning. He was a conforming member of the Church of England, but showed his independence by working out a theological system of his own in which rationalism and dogmatism were most curiously mixed. It could not have been taken seriously by any one but an Englishman, and that not an ordinary Englishman, of the second and third quarters of the seventeenth century. Like many other able Englishmen, Hobbes pushed this temper of independent scepticism to extremes even in pure science. More than once he did himself harm by intermeddling with the misdirected energy of an over-confident amateur in matters where the studies and training of men naturally his inferiors gave them a crushing advantage. I refer especially to his adventures in mathematical controversy. Thoroughly English, too, was the accidental manner in which his acquaintance with mathematics began. But we can hardly appreciate that story without some general view of Hobbes's education and opportunities of learning.

Hobbes got his Latin and Greek at Malmesbury from a young scholar

named Richard Latymer,<sup>1</sup> "newly come from the university" (doubtless meaning Oxford); and, as was then common, he acquired by exclusive attention to those languages a facility in them which now seems not only precocious but almost monstrous. "It is not to be forgotten," says Aubrey, "that before he went to the university he had turned 'Euripidis Medea' out of Greek into Latin Iambiques, which he presented to his master." We need not regret that this performance is not preserved; for Hobbes, though ready enough in handling both Greek and Latin, does not appear to have been a fine or accurate scholar. Hobbes was not yet fifteen when he went to Oxford. "He did not much care for logick, yet he learned it, and thought himself a good disputant." There is no reason to think he learnt anything else at Oxford save a strong dislike of academic institutions and methods. He turned from the official studies to amuse himself with geography and voyages.<sup>2</sup> As to mathematics, there was no official recognition of them at all while Hobbes was at the university. So there is nothing improbable in the statement that Hobbes had never opened a copy of Euclid till he was near middle age. The story is best told in Aubrey's own words:—

"He was forty yeares old before he looked on geometry, which happened accidentally; being in a gentleman's library in [name left blank] Euclid's 'Elements' lay open, and it was the 47 Prop. Lib. I. So he reads the proposition. 'By G—,' says he, 'this is impossible!' So reads the demonstration of it, which referred him back to another, which he also read, *et sic deinceps*, that at last he was demonstratively convinced of that truth. This made him in love with geometry."

Neither warmth nor fidelity was wanting to this affection, but otherwise it was not more prosperous than love-affairs embarked on in mature years

<sup>1</sup> The name is recorded in Hearne's collections (Oxford Historical Society, 1886), ii. 223.

<sup>2</sup> Aubrey, "Lives of Eminent Men," ii. 599-601; Hobbes, "Vita Carmine Expressa, 31, sqq.

commonly are. Hobbes's formal education, in short, was the regular grammatical and logical course of the time, taken, if anything, on even narrower lines than usual. The rest of his knowledge was acquired by himself in his own way. But here again we meet with what has been characteristic in the lives of many eminent Englishmen, and among our nation, I think, more than in any other. Official instruction may be full or meagre, but a not less important part of education consists in the converse of educated men. This is the part which cannot be exhibited in time-tables or prize-lists, and to which parents must be ready and willing to contribute with whatever means they have, if they are minded to give the schoolmaster and the lecturer a fair chance. Except in those things for which early and definite training—learning to use the tools of scholarship or science, in fact—is indispensable, the large defects of our old-fashioned schooling can thus be made up and more than made up for. On this ground Hobbes was favored by opportunities of which he showed himself amply worthy. We know from a casual remark of Aubrey that Hobbes set much store by “ingeniose conversation, which is a great want even to the deepest thinking men.”<sup>1</sup>

We hear of Hobbes, when still a young man, as a frequent companion and an occasional private secretary to Bacon, who is said to have found him a more intelligent note-taker than any one else about him.<sup>2</sup> Hobbes had already formed, as travelling companion to the second Earl of Devon, an attachment to the illustrious house of Cavendish, which was to end only with his life. His introduction to Bacon seems to have been one of the early results of this. Hobbes's recollection is the ultimate authority for the cause of Bacon's death; it was he who told Aubrey of Bacon's alighting at “a poor woman's house at the bottom of Highgate hill” to buy a fowl and stuff it with snow.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Aubrey, *Lives*, ii. 504.

<sup>2</sup> Aubrey, *Lives*, ii. 223, 603; and *Vitæ Hobbianæ Auctarum*.

<sup>3</sup> Aubrey, ii. 227.

The crude experiment which was fatal to Bacon in its consequences is now justified by the freezing-rooms of our modern ocean steamships. Hobbes's intercourse with Bacon was only the first in a long line of acquaintances and friendships remarkable even for a distinguished man of letters, and at a time when the world of learning and letters was still small enough to be really cosmopolitan. Among leaders in science and philosophy Hobbes knew Galileo, for whom he always kept a special reverence, Descartes (though there was little intellectual sympathy between them), and Gassendi. We are told that he was personally on good terms with Descartes in spite of their large differences, and I see no reason to doubt it. In this rapid sketch we must pass over Mersenne and other lesser lights. Of Englishmen there were Ben Jonson, “his loving and familiar friend and acquaintance,” Cowley, “who hath bestowed on him an immortal Pindarique Ode,”<sup>4</sup> Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Chief Justice Vaughan, Selden, Harvey. One account, indeed, says that Selden disliked Hobbes. It may be that he really did so at one time, and came to think better of Hobbes afterwards. But the story dates from many years after Hobbes's death and is not at all strongly supported.<sup>5</sup> Charles II. learned mathematics from Hobbes at one time when they were both exiles, and after the Restoration, when Hobbes's opinions of the relation of spiritual to temporal authority were like to bring him into trouble, the king's protection stood him in good stead. Charles, it seems, turned off the bishops and mathematicians with a jest, telling them that

<sup>4</sup> Aubrey, ii. 627. The Pindarique Ode is rather careful to avoid any specific adherence to Hobbes's opinions. A new philosophy has superseded Aristotle's, and Hobbes is one of its great expounders; thus far and no farther Cowley commits himself.

<sup>5</sup> In Hearne's collections (*Oxf. Hist. Society*, 1885) i. 81, we read: “Mr. Selden had such a Mean opinion of that *Malmesbury Philosopher*, that he us'd to say, *All comers were welcome to his Table*, but *Tho. Hobbes & one Rosingham*.” This appears to rest on the authority of William Joyner, speaking in 1705. Joyner was a Roman Catholic and probably prejudiced against Hobbes. I know not who Rosingham may have been.

Hobbes was a good bear for them to bait.<sup>1</sup> Still Hobbes had to leave several pieces to be published after his death, which indeed was the common hardship of original thinkers at that time.

As to his person, Hobbes, though said to have been unhealthy in his youth, was of unusual vigor in his old age. He must have fully answered the description of a proper man. "He was six foote high, and something better, and went indifferently erect, or rather, considering his great age, very erect. His sight and witt continued to his last."<sup>2</sup> He was good company, "mostly of a cheerful and pleasant humor." It was an age of illustrious men, and it would be a bold thing to maintain that there were none greater than Hobbes. But there can have been few, if any, whom it was better to meet. If one could have the choice of calling up two Englishmen of that generation for an evening's talk, Hobbes and Selden would, I think, be the choice I should make.

Hobbes is said, by one to whose opinion the greatest respect is due,<sup>3</sup> to have been timid by nature, but I am unable to concur in this view. Certainly it was not the view of his contemporaries. He was no more timid, at worst, than Spinoza, and less timid than Descartes. Not only was it the habit of the time for scholars to keep back in their lifetime novel opinions which might embroil them with the authorities of Church or State, but submission to the civil power in all matters of public teaching is a cardinal point in Hobbes's own system of politics. Thought indeed is free, but publication is a matter of expediency on

which the magistrate's decision is final. We are apt to forget that Milton was then a solitary precursor of our modern ideas about the liberty of the press. Hobbes could scarcely make himself a confessor for a doctrine of liberty which hardly any one had asserted and which he did not himself accept. After all, Hobbes did publish the mature and complete exposition of his ideas in the "*Leviathan*," and he never retracted the substance of anything he had published. No doubt he took some pains to convince Charles II. that his opinions and conduct had been those of a sincere Royalist at all times. What Royalist would have done otherwise? No doubt he deferred, some years later, to the king's advice as to what he might properly and prudently set forth. Even at this day we should expect a man of letters in England, or in any kingdom, to pay the like deference to advice personally given by his sovereign; advice which Hobbes was bound, not only by courtesy and the custom of the time, but by his own theory of government, to treat as a command. Hobbes was advanced in years, and had amply earned the right to think of his own convenience. He was certainly convinced that in 1640 his strongly monarchical treatise on politics, more or less circulated in manuscript, though not published, would have "brought him into danger of his life" but for the dissolution of Parliament; and his action at the time shows that this opinion was no controversial afterthought, for he went abroad for eleven years. An exile of eleven years, even with all the compensations and amenities that Hobbes found in the learned society of Paris, was perhaps a sufficient sacrifice for one lifetime. Hobbes himself accounted it "to his damage some thousands of pounds deep." A really timid man would not have chosen that time to write "*The Elements of Law, Natural and Politic*," or at all events would not have let "many gentlemen" have copies.<sup>4</sup> Hobbes, however, both be-

<sup>1</sup> Sorbiere, *Voyage en Angleterre*, Cologne, 1666, p. 76. "Il a fait peur je ne sçay comment au clergé de son pays, aux Mathématiciens d'Oxford, et à leurs adherents; c'est pourquoy S.M. me le compara tres-bien à l'ours, contre lequel il faut battre les dogues pour les exercer." Aubrey's version (il. 611): "The King would call him the Bear: *Here comes the Bear to be bayted*," does not quite give the point.

<sup>2</sup> We know nothing of his personal accomplishments except that, in his Latin poem on the Peak in Derbyshire, he sets himself down as a poor swimmer.

<sup>3</sup> Croom Robertson, p. 52.

<sup>4</sup> Considerations upon the Reputation, Loyalty, etc., of Thomas Hobbes, ad init. *Elements of Law*,



fore and after the Civil War, had the misfortune, from the point of view of practical politics, to support the Royalist position by arguments which to many Royalists and almost all Churchmen were even more odious than those of Commonwealth men and Nonconformists. It would have been easy for him to put himself right with the bishops after the Restoration by eating some few of his bolder words and affecting a moderate amount of humility; but on this ground he stood to his guns from first to last. All his deference was for the king; he claimed to have done the king true service by bidding the Churchmen to know their place. He allowed himself to be persuaded to some reticence, but he never did anything to forfeit his independence. It seems to me that Hobbes's disposition towards pessimism in public affairs, which is marked enough, has been tacitly assumed to be sufficient evidence that he was personally timorous; an assumption which can be plausible only so long as it remains unexpressed.

So far we have considered Hobbes only as one of the most interesting figures in an interesting time. When we turn from the man to the work he left in the world, we find that its different portions have fared very differently. The supposed discoveries in mathematics, and the controversies which ensued, have long gone—indeed they forthwith went—the way of all the mare's-nests found before and since by ingenious amateurs whose knowledge and training was not enough to keep their wits straight. The physical theories which were to serve as introduction to Hobbes's general system had no greater permanence and not much greater merit; in spite of a certain number of shrewd observations and happy conjectures they were not up to the level of the best work of the time. Hobbes, notwithstanding his

old acquaintance with Bacon, had a curious mistrust, almost contempt, of experimental science. "Every man that hath spare money can get furnaces, and buy coals. Every man that hath spare money can be at the charge of making great moulds, and hiring workmen to grind their glasses; and so may have the best and greatest telescopes . . . but they are never the more philosophers for all this." As to metaphysics or pure philosophy, Hobbes does not appear to have been capable of appreciating the nature of metaphysical problems; which, indeed, the majority of even educated and ingenious men, and in particular Englishmen, have never yet been and very possibly never will be. Hobbes was a frank materialist; he proved his materialism by the short cut of verbal definition founded on common sense, and justified its orthodoxy by appealing (not at all without warrant) to early Fathers of the Church. All experience is of the senses; whatever can affect the senses has locality, therefore dimension; "and whatsoever hath dimension is body, be it never so subtle."<sup>1</sup> In the region of pure speculation Hobbes is far behind Locke (and we may add Newton, whose occasional excursions this way show a true philosophic temper), not to speak of Descartes or Spinoza. His aim was limited to constructing a natural history of sense and emotion by a strictly physiological method. Not that this was an aim unworthy of his powers, or that his powers, applied in this direction, did not achieve notable success at more than one point. The chapter "Of the consequence or train of imaginations," which stands third in the "*Leviathan*," holds a classical place as the fountain-head of the doctrine of association afterwards worked out by the British school of psychology. But Hobbes never gives any sign of recognizing that psychology is only an extension of natural history, or that the most complete natural history leaves us as much outside the problems

ed. Tönnies, 1889, editor's preface. Hobbes left England in 1640 with £500 of his own; he had a legacy of £200 and an annuity of £80 by the bequest of Sidney Godolphin, and later a pension of £100 from Charles II. : *Vit. carm. exp., ad. fin.*

<sup>1</sup> Elements of Law, part I., ch. 11, § 5.

of metaphysics as we were before. Suppose the whole conditions of human experience to be accounted for in terms of the processes of human sensation and action, that is, in the last resort, of matter and motion; the conscious experience itself remains. It was there before the analysis of science came, and stands untouched by it. Mind, consciousness, ideas, or by whatever inadequate name we please to call that which underlies all thinking and naming, will not be analyzed away. Thought and feeling can be represented in terms of matter and motion only by forgetting for the time that matter and motion are themselves functions of consciousness. The Sphinx of philosophy sits unmoved watching the game of science, as ready now as in the days of Plato to tell the winner that he has been playing with her counters. Hobbes was not of those who go up to wrestle with her. Strong man as he was, he was not tempered for that everlasting adventure. Descartes and Spinoza, Berkeley and Hume and Kant, wrought in a world where Hobbes had no part. It would be pedantic not to call Hobbes a philosopher in the larger sense. Holding, as I do hold, our English terms of "natural" and "moral" philosophy to be quite warrantable, I call him so without hesitation; but we may not call him a metaphysician. Real thorough-going materialists are much less common than philosophers of certain schools would have us believe. But Hobbes was one if ever man was, and no clear-headed man can be a materialist unless he has stopped short of even seeing where metaphysics begin.

The main strength of Hobbes (it must be said, though now it is common learning) lies in the science of politics. There he is on his proper ground, and unsurpassed. However much or little one can accept, he has not only fixed his chosen aspect of civil institutions, but fixed it with such clearness and certainty, with such consummate workmanship of reasoning and language, that no follower has been able to better his work or to add anything material

to his principles. His uncompromising lucidity is an indispensable solvent of confused thinking. Leading publicists of our own time, such as Sir Henry Maine and Sir James Stephen,<sup>1</sup> have recurred to him again and again. Sir James Stephen did not go too far in describing the "*Leviathan*" as "one of the greatest of all books, and the very oddest of all great books in English literature;" and nothing can be more just than the remark he adds, that "nothing but careful and repeated study of the book itself can give a true conception of its magnitude, or of the richness of the 'admirable wit' which produced it." There can be no doubt that Hobbes himself attached most importance to the political part of his system. The "*Leviathan*" was the outcome of much previous writing already published in Latin or English. We find the proportion of general psychology and ethics greatly reduced in comparison with these earlier books; on the other hand, the relation of civil to ecclesiastical authority, which was the most pressing question of English politics in the seventeenth century, is treated at such length that one or two modern writers have considered this (I think over-hastily) the principal subject of Hobbes's work. It is true that Hobbes, at the end of the "*Leviathan*," expresses the desire of getting back to his "interrupted speculation of bodies natural." The desire was fulfilled in 1678 by the publication of his "*Decameron Physiologicum*,"<sup>2</sup> and Hobbes probably died in the full belief that he had finally discomfited official science and mathematics.

The general conceptions of the State and sovereignty as laid down by Hobbes are well known. Before there is any government men can be bound only by

<sup>1</sup> See the chapter on sovereignty, itself now classical, in Maine's "Early History of Institutions," and the first four essays in Sir James Stephen's "Hore Sabbaticæ," 2nd Series.

<sup>2</sup> This must be the work announced in the same year by a special advertisement of Hobbes's publisher, Crook, at the end of the bilingual edition of the "*De Mirabilibus Pecci*," as "an excellent Piece of Natural Philosophy in English, never before Printed, written by Tho. Hobs of Malmesbury, who is yet living."

covenant (Hobbes's usual term where we should now speak of agreement). Covenants made in the "state of nature" are binding by natural reason, in other words on the ground of manifest expediency, because there is no other way to peace. "Concord amongst men is artificial, and by way of covenant."<sup>1</sup> A state is formed and a sovereign instituted by the agreement of a multitude, every man with every man, to surrender their natural power or right of governing themselves (that is, of seeking their own ends by any means each one thinks fit) to some person or assembly who is thenceforth to bear the common power in the name of all. This original contract is irrevocable, and there is no contract of the sovereign with the subjects. The sovereign is not a contracting party, but an agent whose authority cannot be recalled or disputed. Hence acts of a sovereign power may be wicked, but cannot be unjust. Hobbes was not the first to point out that the supreme authority in the State, whatever it is, must in the last resort be irresponsible. This had already been done by Bodin, whom Hobbes had read.<sup>2</sup> But Hobbes's proofs and developments of the doctrine are his own. He works it out with wonderful ingenuity and splendid confidence, to the conclusion that there can be no settled government unless the sovereign power is both absolute and undivided. The practical and desirable application of these rules, in Hobbes's own view, was to show that the king of England was, always had been, and always must be, an absolute monarch. Certain modern writers have been carried away by their intellectual admiration for Hobbes to rebuke those who, looking at things under the still living influence of the Whig tradition, called Hobbes an apologist of tyranny. Now tyranny is, as Hobbes has in effect said in more than one place, only absolute government regarded as evil in itself or as being ill exercised. And Hobbes cannot be

charged with maintaining that any prince or ruler is morally free to govern ill, though he does maintain that the subject has no legal remedy. But it is a matter of evident fact that Hobbes was not only the apologist but the strenuous champion of absolute government in general, and the claims of King Charles I. to be an absolute governor in particular. He censured moderate Royalists like Clarendon for not having gone all lengths on the king's side in the early stages of the troubles. Thus he found himself after the Restoration in the most literal sense *plus royaliste que le roi*. Hobbes's rather singular position with regard to his own party cannot be understood without bearing this in mind. He had proved to his own satisfaction that a legal right to disobey the sovereign could not exist; he proceeded to treat it as an obvious consequence that disobedience could never (except in barely conceivable cases) be justified by expediency. Turned into the language of current affairs, the conclusion of Hobbes's political system is that constitutional government is impossible, and if it were possible it could not last. This may not make any great difference to us, but it naturally made a great deal to Hobbes's contemporaries. Hobbes is not far from stating this position in express words: "I could never see in any author what a fundamental law signifieth."<sup>3</sup> Locke's "Essay on Civil Government" is to a considerable extent a protest against Hobbes, though not by name; and I believe myself, though this is an affair of personal impression rather than of proof, that Locke had studied Hobbes more carefully, and thought him a more dangerous adversary than he ever chose to admit.

Criticism of Hobbes's theory cannot find place in the limits of such a brief sketch as this. It must suffice to point out that in modern politics there are large classes of phenomena to which Hobbes's doctrine of absolute and in-

<sup>1</sup> Elements of Law, part i., ch. 19, § 5, p. 102, ed. Tönnies.

<sup>2</sup> Leviathan, part ii., ch. 26.

<sup>3</sup> He is cited in the "Elements of Law," part ii., ch. 8, § 7, p. 172, ed. Tönnies.

divisible sovereignty can be applied only by doing violence to the facts, or to the common use of political terms, or to both. Especially we find in a federal system, such as that of the United States, that both the federal government and that of every State are sovereign in the sense of having no human superior in their respective spheres, but that neither has supreme power (or any lawful power) save within the sphere assigned to it by the Constitution. A thorough-going Hobbiist may say that in that case there is no sovereignty at all; but he will expose himself to the retort that, if so, sovereignty appears to be a thing which civilized people can very well do without. It is possible, and some time ago I myself thought it sufficient, to say that the true sovereignty resides wherever the power of revising the federal compact is placed. But first, it is conceivable that there should be no such provision; and secondly, it is pretty certain that a sovereignty kept under lock and key, so to speak, and brought out only on extraordinary occasions, would never have satisfied Hobbes. Much the same considerations apply, though in a less striking degree, to States whose forms of government, though not federal, are governed by an express written constitution and cannot be changed by the ordinary course of legislation. Such States are now the majority. To say that those who have authority to interpret the Constitution (the Supreme Court of the United States, for example), are the true wielders of sovereignty would have been even more distasteful to Hobbes than any of the other artifices that have been suggested. A sovereign who interprets but does not command or execute would assuredly be no sovereign for him.

It is often overlooked how much Hobbes's doctrine of sovereignty is bound up with his genesis of the State, and how completely that, again, depends on his purely individualist view of man and society. The dogma that sovereignty cannot be limited has been accepted by many later authors, from

Blackstone<sup>1</sup> downwards, who would by no means accept Hobbes's version of the original covenant, and would probably not accept an original contract at all. But with Hobbes every part of the structure fits closely together. "Concord amongst men is artificial" because in themselves they are a chaos of unrelated individual, a multitude of particular colliding bodies. They can attain order only by covenant, because there is nothing else that binds or can bind them. The covenant whereby they surrender their natural rights is unqualified because it would otherwise not be effectual for its purpose; the power of the sovereign, whether a person or an assembly, is unlimited and illimitable because it is derived from this same unqualified covenant. A modern reader, when he has taken his fill of pleasure in Hobbes's wholly admirable dialectic, will be apt enough to say that the argument is brilliant and delightful, but the premisses are contrary to most of what is known and almost everything of what is probably inferred concerning the early stages of human society. The truth is that the history of previous political speculation, besides the lack of definite information about archaic systems of government, made Hobbes's position much stronger in his own time, and as against the adversaries he contemplated, than it appears to us at this day. But it is a position curiously remote in some ways from the real working of human affairs; and perhaps it would not be too much of a paradox to say that in politics as well as in physics Hobbes was after all a splendid amateur.

Want of self-complacency was, to say the least, not a common fault in Hobbes, yet we find something like it when, at the conclusion of the "Leviathan," he speaks of his own work-

<sup>1</sup> Blackstone, like Sir Thomas Smith in the sixteenth century, ascribes sovereignty in the absolute sense, the *jura summa imperii*, to Parliament; and there is no doubt that in these kingdoms this is the correct opinion. Hobbes assumes that a composite body like Parliament cannot be sovereign, though a single assembly may; which, even on his own principles, appears arbitrary.

manship as an author. "There is nothing I distrust more than my elocution, which, nevertheless, I am confident, excepting the mischances of the press, is not obscure." Hobbes was not a professed stylist; his Latin is distinctly not elegant, and his Latin verses cannot be called good verses by any stretch of charity. But, because he was not a stylist, he escaped the besetting faults of his generation in English, and, by dint of saying exactly what he meant in the plainest way he could find, he left behind him the elaborate conceits of English prose as it had been in the seventeenth century, and led the way to its clear directness in the eighteenth. Hobbes's writing is essentially modern writing with occasional archaic forms and turns of speech. We may verify this by comparing it with Cowley's and herein we should not forget that, although Cowley died two years before Hobbes, he was born thirty years later, and might be expected to represent a younger generation. It is easy to pick out of Cowley's essays a phrase here, a sentence or even a paragraph there, that are strikingly modern. But the structure, as a whole, is far less on modern lines than Hobbes's. There is something rambling, cumbrous, almost grotesque in the treatment. We are much more at home with Hobbes. It would be foolish to pretend that he has the exquisite art of Berkeley or Hume, but still there are few philosophers whose English, as English, can be read with more pleasure. If we desire any further reason for deeming Hobbes worthy to be commemorated as a man of letters, we may take it as a significant piece of evidence that a translation of Thucydides was his first published work, and a translation of Homer one of his last. His books (chiefly "*Leviathan*," but the minor ones too) provide no less excellent company for scholars than exercise for learners. His doctrines, after being indiscriminately reviled in the official teaching of more than a century, have in our own time been the object of hardly less indiscriminate worship. It is better to err

in this direction as regards any great man's reputation, if one must err one way or the other, for enthusiasm is more easily corrected than want of appreciation. Still, criticism cannot release its rights and abjure its duties forever, and the greatest thinkers can best afford to be criticised. Their greatness is measured not by the final acceptance of propositions, but by the stimulus and guidance which thought owes to them. Our successors may dispute and reject the dogmas which were accepted thirty or forty years ago as political axioms. But they will not forget to honor Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, however much or little they agree with him, as one of the most notable English publicists and memorable English writers.

FREDERICK POLLOCK.

From Blackwood's Magazine.  
NITCHEVO:<sup>1</sup>

#### A FRAGMENT OF RUSSIAN LIFE.

IT was a few weeks before Christmas. The pope of Nitchvorad was thinking already of his tithes—the geese, and the pig, and the sacks of apples—and perhaps of the New Year's dinner up at the castle; his wife, the popadia, was wishing, in her usual dumb, patient fashion, that the holy season, with certain contingencies pertaining to it, were well over.

It had been an open winter, so far, at Nitchvorad; but now the frost seemed to be strengthening, and the low blanket clouds, full of snow, were hanging in the fir-tops, ready to empty themselves in a few hours. The popadia stumped to and fro between the kitchen and the woodshed, bringing in fuel for the ovens. Her husband had told the boys to help their mother, but none of them had attended to his orders; the best that could be said for the parson's boys was, that in holiday time one saw very little of them.

Suddenly there was a rallying and a scuffling on the street side of the house,

<sup>1</sup> A Russian colloquialism signifying "*N'importe*," "Nothing matters."



a jingling of bells, a clatter of horses' feet sharply turning the corner, where the ice from the pool round the midden splintered like glass. The count's servant jumped off the box-seat of the count's own droschky, and would have half thumped the pope's door down with his fists, had not the pope himself, rushing from his seat by the oven, appeared in an instant on the doorstep. The little desolate street was alive with darting black eyes, the shock black heads of the parson's boys protruding from every unexpected cranny; it was not a common thing for the count's carriage to stop at their door, and for once there was something to stare at.

"Jump in, jump in!" cried the countess, as the pope came bowing and smiling to the carriage door. "The count has visitors, come for the horse-fair, and they have all sat down to *skat*. They began to play at eight last evening, and, save for supper and for breakfast, they have not moved yet. My husband said, 'Fetch the pope,—he will enjoy the fun;' and I can give you five minutes to make your packet. Ask the popadia to put together your things for a couple of nights, for the snow is coming, and you will not mind being kept a bit at the castle, eh? Ah! there you are, Sophia Petrovitch; a hundred greetings to you," as the popadia appeared in the passage. "You will spare us your husband for a short visit? You have plenty of sons to look after you—how many? Ah! eleven; that is a brave family; and you will soon make up your dozen, if I don't mistake," rattled on her ladyship the countess with ready wit, and a shrill voice which carried half-way down the street.

The pope was bustling about, struggling into his Sunday kaftan, stuffing things into a bag and pulling them out again in his excitement, bawling at his wife, who in the inner room was hastily putting a few stitches and applying a brush to garments that were not in general use.

"Here, Sophia Petrovitch, there is candle-grease on my sleeve. Lend me thy gaiters, mine are all spattered with

mud. If thou hast an iron handy, just pass it over these spots, and smooth out the silk handkerchief. Come! come! how slow thou art, while the countess waits! I might be a widower—God forbid it!—with a wardrobe all so unready in an emergency. Where is thy fur cap? it is better than mine, and no one will see thee."

The popadia worked with a will, her broad, sallow face showing no sign of emotion. In five minutes the pope was brushed, dressed, packed, stepping into the carriage beside the countess, his wife handing the little leather wallet to the footman with her own hands.

"Bah! not inside," shrieked the countess, as the man would have put the modest luggage on the front seat; "the smell of leather and of grease makes me sick! I would not have it near me for ten roubles;" and the servant swung it carelessly to the box-seat by the long, broken strap which the popadia had not had time to sew afresh.

"Home!" cried the countess; then with an afterthought, "Good-bye, Sophia Petrovitch; good luck to you in making up your dozen;" and with a peal of laughter at her own sprightliness, the lady leaned back among her furs, and the carriage drove away.

The popadia went back into the house and shut the front door. A little soft, light snow, like eider-down, had blown into the passage, a precursor of the downfall that was due. Sophia Petrovitch sat down in her husband's chair by the oven—the one seat in the house that was really snug and warm—and let her hands drop on her knees for full ten minutes without moving. The unexpected bustle of the countess's visit and her husband's departure had shaken her, and a little red spot came on each of her prominent cheekbones. Outside, the sky seemed to be bending nearer and nearer with its weight of snow. Everything was very still, for the boys had rushed off again to their lairs, to rejoice over the disposal of the "little father" for the next two days. The popadia almost fancied, as she sat alone in the house, that she could feel the great earth



plunging round on its course—a strange sensation that had come to her once or twice of late, and made her grasp at the chair-arms or at anything that came handy while it lasted. Then the countess's reiterated words came back to her. The baby that was to come at Christmas-time was the thirteenth, not the twelfth, though she had not seen fit to correct her ladyship.

There were eleven boys, to be sure, belonging to the pope's family, ranging from sturdy, untamable Alexander, of nearly sixteen, to the pair of eleven-months' twins in the box-cradle behind the stove; but Tinka, the pretty blue-eyed girl—the only blue-eyed, fair-skinned child in all the swarthy, shock-headed crew—had died five years before, just as she was beginning to fill the place of friend and assistant to the poor patient mother, who had never known what it was to be befriended or assisted in her life.

Tinka was the eldest of the family. She had faded away before the countess came, as a bride, to the castle; and as no one in Nitchvorad went in for such sentimentality as decorating graves, the remembrance of the little girl had passed from all men's minds. Even the pope himself rattled over her name, when he read the prayer for the dead, as though he had no recollection of the family to which she belonged.

Sophia Petrovitch sighed a little as she thought of the prospect before her.

The snow was falling steadily now, in small, close flakes. In a few hours the roads would be impassable and dangerous if the wind rose and drove it into drifts before the frost froze it to an even surface. If old Marcova Marcovitch was to come to her, as the pope in his hurry had suggested—rather out of a desire to leave himself more free than from any special solicitude about his wife—Alexander must fetch her at once, before nightfall and the increasing snowfall rendered her coming impossible. But to catch Alexander, and to coerce him into doing anything that might be of use to anybody else, was a task beyond the feeble power of the popadia. Perhaps Boris,

the third boy, might be amenable to her wishes, provided his elder brothers did not jeer him out of countenance; and old Marcova had better come—at once—if this weakness were—  
“Dear Virgin, Holy Mother, and blessed St. Joseph, thou protector of all poor women on whom the burden of housekeeping falls heavily, keep this deadly faintness back until old Marcova comes!”

Boris, who was lurking in the region of the wood-stack behind the house, agreed in his happy-go-lucky fashion to fetch the old nurse as soon as he had completed the sparrow-trap which he was constructing out of forked twigs and bits of slate, to take advantage of the imminent snowfall; and his mother, creeping back to the living-room, where the twins were roaring lustily from their cradle-box, felt a little comforted that her weakness had been a passing indisposition, and that Marcova would be with her before night was far advanced. It was only three hours later, when Boris and his brethren straggled in to supper, wrangling over their rye-bread and cabbage soup like a flock of shrieking starlings, that it transpired that the boy had forgotten the popadia's message altogether in the enthusiasm of his afternoon's sport. It was too late then to do anything; indeed, no one thought of repairing the omission, any more than of apologizing for it. Only the popadia felt as if some prop on which she had been leaning had snapped under her; but she said nothing, for there was none to listen.

Presently, when all the boys were asleep, even the twins quiet for a brief interval, the popadia crept to bed, missing with an unwonted feeling of tenderness the hearty snores of her consort, which generally gave evidence of his unruffled conscience and undisturbable digestion for an hour or so before the house-mother managed to slip into her place beside him. To-night the tired woman fell into a broken sleep, disturbed by dreams of confusion and distracting cross-purposes; that long, broken strap which kept slipping,

slipping through her numbed fingers had the pope's little wallet at the end of it; but when at last she drew it up, she found nothing but a crying infant dangling just out of reach, and some one shrieked with high-bred, company laughter, like the countess, and cried in her ear with shrill importunity, "How can you make up the dozen, if there are really thirteen?" It was repeating the word "thirteen," fateful out of very meaninglessness to all Russians, that the popadia woke at last, to find that a new morning had come, in outward appearance very much like the old night, but filled to the brim afresh with work and responsibilities, care and toil and pain.

"Ah, the thirteenth!" murmured Sophia Petrovitch, stuffing back her tumbled hair into her woollen cap and tying it more firmly under her chin, so as to cover her ears; "it is the thirteenth child that often steals away the life of the mother. For me, I should not complain but for the pope." She had reached this point before in the same train of thought, and had stopped short; it was one that she dared not pursue. For the Russian pope there is no second marriage permissible in the event of the popadia's death, and very few parish priests can afford to keep a servant in place of a wife, who requires no wages. Heaven help the family where the wife and mother is cut off untimely!

Up at the castle time was passing joyously. There was some *skat*-playing; but the count had made this easy for the pope by handing him an envelope with notes in it, which the priest had been delighted to pocket. There had been a visit to the horse-fair too, where the stranger guests had listened with amusement to the pope's cautious chaffering in their interest; and from time to time there had been adjournments to immense meals of game and meat, and sweets and wine, very different from the parsonage fare—a fixed quantity of black bread, and unsavory vegetable soup, which had to be stretched round to meet the requirements of the pope's increasing family.

The countess's sharp, impertinent eyes watched the poor parson's shamefaced greediness of appreciation with scarcely veiled insolence. Yet, in her way, she liked him, wished him to enjoy his stay, and gave him the advantage of any tit-bits and warm corners that she could—partly out of careless good-nature, and partly to satisfy the superstitious disquiet of a thoroughly irreligious character brought into proximity with what, in Russia, passes for a spiritual power. It saved the countess's conscience to fill the pope's plate and glass; in a day or two the wrinkles in his furrowed cheeks would be perceptibly lessened, and such a result would go to the credit side of her ladyship's moral account, debited, to her occasional mental inconvenience, with many a neglected mass and scamped confession. It was not often that the lady of the castle did anything for anybody besides herself, but the comfortable assurance that the priest was having a good time diffused a glow of satisfaction through her which was eminently pleasing.

It was late in the evening of the second day that a message came from Nitchvorad to summon the pope to the village. Somehow the countess received it first, sitting in her easy-chair in the yellow drawing-room after dinner; while the gentlemen, in the inner room, were cutting for partners at cards. The lady's face was rather white and scared as she whispered to her husband, and they both glanced anxiously at the pope, who, overcome with the warmth and the pleasant after-effects of an excellent meal, had fallen asleep in a corner of the sofa, waiting his turn to cut in when required. Some orders were given, and a carriage hastily prepared. The pope was roused, and his host hurriedly informed him of the summons that had come; one of his parishioners, a woman, was very ill, and desired the last consolations of Holy Church. They almost pushed him across the hall to the carriage door, in their eagerness to get him off; for, puzzled with the sudden awakening and the but

half-explained recall to duty, he was fain to linger, rubbing his eyes and asking a dozen questions which no one seemed inclined to answer. It was the count himself who wrapped him in a big fur cloak and shut the carriage door. The footman, looking frightened and sulky, took his place on the box-seat, with a last word of direction from his master. Then the carriage rolled heavily away in the snowy darkness, and the castle party looked at each other with sighs of relief.

"It was the best thing to do," averred the countess, picking up her novel, which had fallen on the floor. "There would have been a scene and all that, and he will find it out fast enough."

"Was he fond of her?" some one asked — a stupid question enough, had he stopped for a moment to consider; but one often says these sort of things to make conversation when matters are for a moment a little uncomfortable.

"Oh, it will be a real misfortune, poor fellow!" replied the count, snuffing the wax candles on the card-table. "He may not remarry, as you know; and there are, of course, about twenty children. Baron, will you deal?"

"A dozen — a dozen exactly; do not exaggerate," murmured the countess in the next room.

Two or three of the villagers, and some of the pope's boys, were hanging about the doorway as the count's carriage drove up. The poor shamefaced young footman got down from the box, and muttered his explanation at the window. Ere it was half-way through, the pope, with starting eyes, had flung himself out of the carriage and into the house, crashing against an open door and overturning a stool as he rushed through the living-room to the bedroom beyond. But the noise did not startle the popadia, where she lay white and still on the bed, her long, long day's work over at last. A peasant woman — not old Marcova, but a neighbor summoned in terrified haste by Alexander — pushed a little shabby bundle of flannel at him, with a vague instinct of consolation. The twins

from their box shouted lustily; the whispering group about the door crept nearer to have a glimpse of the death-chamber; even the young footman from the castle, who felt he had played a somewhat important rôle in the catastrophe, determined to have just one peep, so as to report to the maid-servants at supper how the popadia had looked.

But the pope saw nothing; with a terrible cry he flung himself across the bed where his wife lay. "Oh, little mother! little mother! who will care for us now that thou art gone?"

There was no voice, nor any that answered, for the question was indeed unanswerable. By and by they brought the pope the vodka-bottle, and he drank, and fell into an uneasy slumber, while the women creaked about the room, attending to the puling infant, and whispering with suppressed enjoyment of the situation; but the popadia lay white and unmoved in their midst, for to her neither husband, children, nor neighbors mattered any longer.

G. B. STUART.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
A JOURNEY TO THE SACRED MOUNTAIN  
OF SIAO-OUTAI-SHAN, IN CHINA.

Two days' journey in a Chinese cart took me to Peking.

To any one who does not know what a Chinese cart is like, this may sound very pleasant; but those who are familiar with the drawbacks of travelling in a conveyance devoid of springs on a road that is no road, would, I am sure, not envy my experience.

Sensible people, as a rule, go to the capital of the Chinese empire by boat up the river, and then by canal; and others prefer to ride the distance, some eighty miles, if I remember right, on horseback; but those who are still more sensible are the ones that do not go there at all.

Either way the journey is dull and uninteresting. The highway between the port and the capital is across a

sandy flat country with little vegetation, few villages, and still fewer towns; and the monotony of the journey is only relieved by the large number of beggars and cripples who line the way, especially near villages, and exhibit all sorts of horrid complaints, from leprosy and elephantiasis, down to commonplace blindness, and missing of various limbs of general usage in every-day life. The larger places one passes on the road coming from Tientsin are Peitsang, Yang-tsun, Nan-tsai-tsun, Ho-shi-wu, and Tung-chow. The highway follows the river course in a general direction of north-west as far as here, then turns sharply to the west, until Peking is reached; and travellers by boat also leave the Peiho River at this latter place to enter the Tung-hui-ho.

I shall not rest at length on this first part of my journey, nor shall I enter into a long description of Peking, for many people have done so before; in fact, for a city of immense size like the Chinese capital, there is, as far as monuments go, indeed but little to interest the general observer, with the exception of the huge wall which surrounds the town, with its enormous and tumbling-down gateways, the old observatory with its wonderful instruments, and the imperial palace.

I cannot go far wrong in saying that Peking is the dustiest and dirtiest city I have ever been in, yet it is strange that it should be the home of, with no exception, the most wonderful and deeply interesting people in the world. What a pity they are not a little cleaner!

I stayed in Peking some time making preparations for a journey still further in the interior. As a rule, when I travel alone, in so-called uncivilized countries, I never burden myself much with baggage, provisions, medicaments, etc., preferring to live like the natives themselves; but this time I made an exception, partly as I was to be accompanied the greater part of the way by two Frenchmen, and partly owing to my not having quite recovered from the rough life I had had the year before among the hairy aborigines of the Hok-

kaido. Carrying one's money is also a thing to consider in a country like China, where the currency is mainly "cash," a small coin made of an alloy of copper and tin, and of which there are about from a thousand to two thousand to one of our half-crowns, and the coins are perforated in the middle, so as to be strung together with cords of plaited straw. Two muleteers were the only attendants I had, and men and baggage were carried on mules' backs, most of the journey being through the mountainous district of the Petchili and Shansi Provinces. Two donkeys were also taken to carry the lighter packages.

On the 19th of May, 1891, at six o'clock in the morning, I left Peking, moving almost due west, and travelling mostly on barren stretches of flat country, arrived at the village of Palichuan, a quaint little place, enclosed by a high wall. As you enter the gate the temple of Tapei-tsu is on your right, and as you go along a remarkable tower stares you in the face; then, as you leave the village, one cannot but admire the West gate, a most marvellous bit of mason's workmanship.

It was only when Yantia-chuan was reached that undulations in the ground began, extending especially towards the south. Our lunch that day was a memorable one. Towards noon we put up at a little, dirty (for there are no clean ones in China) wayside inn, and one of the muleteers, who, by the way, said he was a Christian, and also a good cook, was entrusted with the necessary preparations for a frugal repast. Fresh meat was purchased at the Frenchmen's request, and the Christian's cooking abilities were put to a test. He turned out a very good lunch, with the exception that he cooked things in vaseline instead of butter, and used Eno's Fruit Salt when he was to use common salt,—which two fatal mistakes nearly led him to be murdered by my two companions from the other side of the Channel.

"Comment!" said one of the Frenchmen as he shook him by the pigtail, "tu es un cuisinier Chrétien,

et tu ne sais pas distinguer de la vase-line de beurre ?”

“Ils sont épatants, ces Chinois !” retorted the other, all the while forgetting that how was the poor beggar to know, as he had probably never seen one or the other ?

We set out again after lunch, and soon came to the first hills and terraces. On a separate mound stood the pretty little temple of Che-ching-shan. Further on, along the Hunho River, more generally called Yun-ting-ho, I noticed some curious Mahomedan inscriptions engraved on stone, and as we were going on towards Men-ton-Ko the way still rose. At the latter village a fascinating little open theatre, built on the bank of the river, was a delightful spot for playgoers, I should imagine, for it combined all the advantages of listening to a good play with the delight of being in the open air, besides the panorama to gaze upon during the *entr'actes*, which was thrown into the bargain.

The incline was getting steeper and steeper ; we passed several other smaller villages here and there on the banks of the stream, joined at long intervals by solid and ancient bridges in masonry, and finally the road became so tortuous and winding, like a snake up the hillside, that we had to dismount and walk up, dragging our tired animals after us until we reached the pass on the summit. The view from the top quite repaid us for the trouble we had to get there. To the south the chain of mountains of Miao-fung-shan was resplendent in all its beauty, with its peaks lighted by the last warm rays of the dying sun ; and, in the far distance, towards the south-west, the blue Pohowashan made a lovely background to that beautiful picture of mountain scenery.

Nearly at eight in the evening we arrived at Lieunshuan, where the French Roman Catholic missionaries have established a small apothecary shop for the use of the Catholics in the village. As a privilege we were allowed to sleep in the shop.

Near this village there were, I was

told, valuable coal beds, but I did not go to visit them.

We proceeded early the next morning down a very slippery road, paved with round pebbles, and we had the greatest difficulty in keeping our mules and ourselves standing on our legs. The people we came across were very polite to us and took quite a fatherly interest in my scheme ; they gave me friendly advice as to which was the best way, the best inns to put up at, and they inquired most tenderly after my relations and my friends, and the relations of my companions, and finally asked ten thousand other questions to my muleteers as to our respective ages, nationality, and I do not know what else !

“Your wife,” said an old man to me, “must be very sorry that you are so far away from her, and going through the dangers of travelling in these distant provinces.”

“I have not got a wife,” said I.

“So young,” said he, in great astonishment, “and you have not a wife ?”

“No ; in my country we do not marry when we are so young ; we marry when we are older.”

“Oh, that is a mistake !” said gravely the old man. “It is a great mistake ; a man should marry when he is young and strong.”

As we were thus entertained by native wayfarers going in our direction and by their curious theories, we sped along and went through the Tai-hanling Pass (3,020 feet above sea-level) ; and late in the afternoon we reached the summit of the mountain, where in a small shed, or temple, quite a valuable library of sacred books can be found, some of which appeared to me to be very ancient. There are also two tablets to Kaushi and Tankuang, and a curious small gateway on the very summit of the mountain. The descent on the other side was less interesting, excepting that it afforded some pretty bits of scenery. Then following the valley we finally reached San-lien, a clean little village, one thousand feet above sea-level. The inhabitants of this village are nearly all Roman Catholics, and, with the aid and advice of



French missionaries from Peking, they have built themselves a neat and fine church, in which they have mass and evening prayers every day, with accompaniment of an harmonium, somewhat played upon *à la Chinoise*, but still wonderful considering that the whole service is carried on by Chinese of the very poorest classes.

Here again, however, I could not help remarking, though I admired them much for what they had done, that these converts lacked the repose and stolid, and at the same time gentle, manner of their pig-tailed heathen brethren. They seemed to me unsteady, and at times ill-natured. They had given us the best room they had at first, but during the night, for what reason I was never able to discover, we were roused up and bundled into a dingy room, where we had to spend the remainder of the night.

Following the stream, in which I took a most delicious bath, to the great astonishment and disgust of the unclean Chinamen who happened to pass by, we halted after another long day's journey at Tu-thia-chuang.

The inn at this place was somewhat better than the usual accommodation one gets in the smaller towns in the interior of the Celestial (only to Celestials) Empire. Crowds of people assembled as we arrived just before sunset, and among others I spotted a fine head of an old Buddhist priest. After a long confabulation and a few strings of cash, which passed from my pockets into his hands, I was able to induce him to sit for his picture, and I dashed off a sketch in oils before he had time to change his mind. Unfortunately, the large crowd that had gathered round, especially the women folks, seemed to scold him and talk angrily at him for his silliness in sitting, owing to the strange notion that prevails in China and, in fact, nearly all over the East, that if an image is reproduced a soul has to be given to it, and that the person portrayed has to be the supplier of it at his own expense. The venerable old Buddhist priest, who was nursing his cash on

his lap while being immortalized on a wooden panel, and had a curious twinkle in his eye, as if he knew better, resisted bravely for some time and sat like a statue, but finally had to give in.

"You will die," cried an old woman at him, "I saw your soul come out of you and go into the picture. I did really, I saw it with my own eyes!"

"So did I," cried a hundred other voices in a chorus.

By the time the priest had got up, they had half convinced him that at least half his soul had really gone out of him; but had the soul gone or not, he would go and take the cash for safe keeping to his home first, and complain and ask for the restitution of his lost property afterwards. He was a sensible man. So was I, and knowing what was coming, the moment he had gone I went into the room and packed the sketch safely, then took another clean panel and smeared it with the scrapings of my palette to show him instead, in case he should come back and wish the picture destroyed.

Twenty minutes had not elapsed when he was back again, of course without the cash, holding his stomach and complaining of internal agonies.

"I am going to die," he cried the moment he saw me, "you have taken away half my soul!"

"Certainly I have," said I sternly. "You did not expect me to give you all that cash for less than half your soul? Did you?"

"Oh, no! but I wish it back, as I feel so bad now without it."

"All right," said I, "I shall go in the room and destroy the image I did of you; will you then be satisfied?"

"Yes."

Here the other panel, smeared with palette scrapings, was produced after making pretence at destroying it with a knife, and never in my life have I seen an expression of relief to equal that of the priest. He had not felt half his soul so much going out of him, but he certainly had felt it coming back again. He could swear by it. He was now perfectly well again!

This wonderful cure gave us all a



very busy evening. All the villagers who had complaints of any sort came to us to be restored to health. A leper who had lost all his fingers, wished me to make them grow again; and a pitiful case of a poor child only a few months old, was brought up, whose mother, while busy stirring boiling water in a big cauldron, had dropped the child in by mistake. He was so badly scalded that I am afraid, though I tried to relieve his pain by smearing him all over with the vaseline which had been saved in the cooking, the poor child cannot have lived more than a few hours.

We made an early start the next day, and by ten o'clock we passed Shan-lung-men. Going through the pass the scenery was magnificent. I was following the dried river-bed, and on both sides had high mountains until we came in sight of a portion of the Great Wall. There was a huge tower on one side of the river, and a long stretch of wall built on the steep slope of the mountain; on the other side was the continuation of it. I was still moving in a westerly direction, and from where the tower was the ground rose in a very steep incline. Three hours of very stiff climbing for my animals, my companions, and myself, took us to the top of the mountain; and what a lovely view when we got there! Chain after chain of mountains of a pure cobalt blue on one side, the high Hsi-ling-shan peak and a fertile valley on the other. A long distance away in a southerly direction I could just discern, against the bright sky line, the towers of Tung-an-tzu and another part of the wall, while under me, in the fertile valley, I saw signs of agriculture and a large enclosure. On the nearest hills, land-marks in the shape of large crosses had been put up, to show that the ground belonged to a Christian sect, called the Trappists, and to designate the limits of their property. Descending was much quicker work than ascending, and as I drew nearer I found myself among plantations of apricot-trees that the silent fathers have grown in these almost uninhabited regions.

The descent from the summit to the monastery occupied two hours.

The Trappists may consider themselves very lucky to have landed upon such a delightful spot for settling in and building their abode upon it. The valley, in the centre of which they are, is divided in two by a limpid stream, and high mountains surround it on all sides. As for their building, it is a solid and simple structure encircled by a high wall, which not only protects the penitent fathers from robber neighbors, but also from the raids of panthers and leopards, which are numerous in that part of the world.

As we went in my friends and I were most kindly received by the father superior, Father Maurus, a Frenchman, the only one in the convent who is allowed to speak. I believe that ten or more came out with him from France to settle there, but only four out of that number had survived, the others having succumbed to illness and hardships. Many Chinese and Mongols, however, have joined the order, and it is partly owing to the manual help received by these Asiatics that they have been able to build themselves the several houses, the church, the wall, and the porticoes all round the premises. Father Maurus spoke in terms of high praise of his Mongolian confrères, and, with the exception of their finding it a little difficult at first to keep perfectly silent from one end of the year to the other, he said that they were good, obedient, and willing. The Trappists are vegetarians, at least those out there were, and their life is cut out as simple as it could be as far as food and worldly habits go. They do nothing that is not a strict necessity of life, yet they make themselves a white wine, rather pleasant to the taste, out of vineyards they have imported and grown. On weekdays they rise at 2 A.M. by the sound of the church bell, and on Sundays an hour earlier, but they are allowed an hour and a half's rest in the afternoon. Eight P.M. is their hour for retiring, and they are compelled to sleep in their clothes. Since their settling at Yang-tzia-ku several European customs have

been discarded, as, for instance, the wearing of sandals, which are now replaced by Chinese shoes; also the growing of a pigtail is decidedly an adopted Chinese custom.

They have three meals a day, except on fasting days, and lunch is the largest meal they have, consisting of a bowl of soup and two small dishes of vegetables. At dinner they have less!

When they first went out they suffered much owing to the severe climate, their being completely ignorant of the Chinese language, and through the hostility shown to them by the neighboring villagers and by the mandarin of the province. They were once accused of concealing fire-arms and ammunition, which were supposed to be awaiting the arrival of a large band of "white devils," who were then expected with these means to conquer a large portion of the "Emperor of Heaven's" dominions. The mandarin, with a large escort of soldiers and followers, unexpectedly arrived at the monastery and searched every nook within its walls, and, on finding nothing but the kindest reception on the part of the Trappists, his suspicions were dispelled, and he has not troubled them ever since.

When I visited the monastery they had been there ten years, during which time they had only seen three Europeans. One of the chief features of the monastery was the cook. He was a Manchu, and had been wandering poverty-stricken all through Manchuria until, begging his way south, fate had brought him to the monastery, where the shelter he begged for was immediately granted to him. Their curious mode of living interested him, and he remained with them as a novice for some years, until, through his perseverance and other good virtues he had displayed, he was elected a father. He seemed to be quite happy with his new creed and his cooking utensils. He had learnt Latin since he had been with the Trappists; and, to my great astonishment, breaking the vows he had sworn to obey, he began a conversation with me one day in that tongue,

the subject, if I am not mistaken, being the quality and cooking of some fried potatoes and the bad success of the soup which he had just served me. It was comical to be talking of fried potatoes in the Latin tongue with a Manchu cook in a French Trappist convent in China! The Trappists possess eight hundred hectares of ground, and, though they do not make any converts, their object is apparently to serve as a good example to intending imitators, and to be the means of getting natives converted to the faith of Christ by showing them how to lead a lazy—I mean a saintly life.

The Trappists sleep each in a small cell, and I did the same during the time I stayed there, only in a separate part of the building. There was a wooden crucifix at the head of my bunk and a hard mattress, and that was all. My paint-box, as usual, answered the purpose of a pillow, and altogether I was really very comfortable.

Not many miles off were the famous towers of Tung-an-tzu, and I started one morning on my way there. Along the stream, on the banks, are the two villages of Shang-wan-tzu and Shia-wan-tzu, meaning the upper and lower windings of the river. Farther down we come to Hu-tzia-ku (translated: valley of the Hu family), on the left side of the river, and an altogether Christian village. It is a pretty place, situated as it is on a high bank overlooking the stream. Its inhabitants are daggers drawn with the villagers of Shang-wan-tzu and Shia-wan-tzu, for neither of these have followed in the footsteps of their Christianized neighbors. In fact, several times they have shown themselves very hostile both towards them and the more distant Trappists. At Hu-tzia-ku, in the house of the village chief, who is the catechist as well, one room had been turned into a small chapel, and had an altar with a few candles, a crucifix, and on each side of it a large colored chromo of French production, and illustrative, in extra warm colors, of what becomes in future life of the poor Chinamen who do not accept the Chris-

tian creed. The catechist insisted on accompanying me to the towers, so off we started together. I left my animals at the small temple at the foot of the mountain, and I proceeded to climb to the summit, where the two towers were. The wall began from the first tower we reached, and went across valleys and mountains; at intervals there were other similar towers, with vaulted, but generally tumbling-down roofs, the arches having given way and the ceiling fallen in. The outside walls were yet in excellent preservation. In all the towers I entered the walls were double, and access to the upper floor was obtained by going up a small staircase, similar to that of a ship and nearly perpendicular. The upper part of the tower was of bricks, but the lower part and the foundations were made of enormous blocks of granite kept well together by strong cement. Between stone and stone one could see numerous iron bullets jammed in. A tablet, with the number of the tower engraved on it, was placed over the door, and the windows were invariably of a semi-circular shape. A wall, wide enough for several men to walk abreast, from one tower to another, connected all these towers, and the height of that portion of the wall at Tung-an-tzu was not more than twenty-five feet. According to some Chinese authorities, this part of the Great Wall is supposed to be much older than that farther north at Chatao. That the wall is not continuous can be ascertained here, as no traces can be seen between the tower and wall which I saw at Sia-long-men and this part. One explanation of the problem would be that these fragments of the wall have been built at different epochs, closing more particularly valleys where an invading army could get through. The theory that it was erected with the object of keeping tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts out of the country I am afraid is not a very plausible one, as nothing would be easier for any feline quadruped than to climb over the wall.

The villagers at Hu-tzia-ku were in every way most kind to me, and while

staying at the monastery I paid them several visits. A few presents in the shape of needles and cotton-reels were much appreciated by the weaker sex, and a few small silver coins (Japanese) sent the men nearly crazy with delight. They did not even object to be sketched, which is saying a great deal for Celestials.

Bidding good-bye to the fathers, I proceeded towards Tzie-zia-pu-zu, on the right-hand side of the stream as one faces the towers of Tung-an-tzu, then turning north-west, I found myself in a narrow valley. Here and there a few mud villages were scattered about along a very picturesque road, winding among huge boulders and rocks on both sides, forming beautiful gorges at times. Caverns of large size and a curious hole pierced through by nature near the summit of a mountain made the scenery as I was going along more and more weird and quaint. At noon I reached the top of the Sheu-papan Pass, which translated means of "eighteen terraces." A small temple had been erected here as usual, with five gods and a tablet. Two of the gods were very appropriately the protectors of passes, and the entrance to the holy building looked towards the east. A few yards from it a wall had been built—as is frequently the case all over China—to prevent evil spirits from entering the temple.

The worshippers at, and the builders of these temples, if I was well informed, labor under the impression that evil spirits can only travel in a straight line, and that reaching a spot in a roundabout manner is an impossibility to them, which must make it very inconvenient for them but convenient to others; so that, if you wish to have not only temples but your own house free from the visits of these objectionable callers, all you have to do is to erect a small wall a couple of yards in front of your front door, and they will go bang against it each time they attempt to make a bee line for your home. They must indeed be very honorable spirits, the evil ones in China, for if they cannot go straight

for you they despise getting round you! The muleteers, many of whom travel on these roads, are about the only worshippers at these temples, and never did I see them passing one temple that they did not go in to pay their chin-chins to the gods.

South-east from the pass and a long way off I could still distinguish the towers and wall of Tung-an-tzu. The tablet at the temple was of the fifth moon of the fifteenth year of Tzia-tzin, or, in other words, of the present dynasty. Leaving the pack-mules to follow with the muleteers, I started down the mountain on foot, and I was much impressed by the marked change in the type of the inhabitants. They were of a pure Mongol type; they had larger eyes, a flatter nose, with wide nostrils, and were apparently not so intelligent. The dialect they spoke also was incomprehensible even to my muleteers. The valley grew wider as I went along, and late in the afternoon I arrived at Kan-tzia-chuan, the village of the Kan family.

Another village was gone through not very distant from this, after which the hills closed in again, the way being actually walled in between huge rocks perpendicular to the ground.

The village of Mao-mian-tzu takes its name from a perforated and curiously shaped mountain in its vicinity, and later, towards six in the evening, after having crossed yet another small valley, and gone through another ravine and a narrow pass, we left the circle of mountains where the granite is replaced by yellow earth, and finally reached our halting-place, Sheu-men-tzu (the stone door), where we put up at the quaint little inn.

A Chinese inn is not a paradise of comfort, and less still a model of cleanliness or privacy. They are all more or less alike, though, of course, some are larger than others, but never cleaner.

The ones in towns have separate small rooms, like cabins with paper windows, and a raised portion of the room called *kan* covered with a rough mat, is what one sleeps on. A fire can

be lighted in the winter under this *kan* to keep one warm. The smaller inns, as generally found in villages, have only one long room, with a *kan* running the length of the longer wall, or sometimes two *kans* at the two ends of the room, where men of all grades of society rest their weary bones for the night, either sleeping in their clothes or wrapped up in a blanket. I myself had constantly to sleep in a room with a dozen or even more other people, most of the other guests being generally muleteers, as the better classes in the interior of China are not much given to travelling. Each inn, as a rule, possesses a courtyard, or a large enclosure in which the mules and donkeys are kept at night. In most of them they only provide you with sleeping accommodation and tea, and you have to bring your own food, though by making a special arrangement food can always be obtained. There are several Chinese dishes that are not at all bad; for instance, the *laopings*, a cross between an omelette and a tart, were, to my taste, delicious. Great astonishment was caused at the latter village by my showing the crowd that had collected an indiarubber band, which with its expansive qualities produced a regular panic of terror among the villagers.

How a "ribbon," as they called it, only a couple of inches long, could become a yard in length, and *vice versa*, was an astounding mystery to them. They kept discussing about it all night long, and none of them came within a respectful distance of me, or touched any of my traps. They were sure that I was a "white devil."

I made a very early start, as I had a long day's journey before me, and at 8 A.M. I had already passed To-cheng-pu and reached the plateau-like stretch of yellow earth on the summit of the hills. About an hour later, in a storm of wind, I began descending towards an immense plain, like a desert, which lay stretched at my feet, while dozens of gigantic dust columns, making so many whirlwinds, were playing about, like huge ghosts, in a

fantastic sort of slow dance. Now and then one suddenly disappeared only to see a new one rising from the ground in a cone-like shape, and revolving with incredible rapidity soon reached a great height. As I was crossing the plain I was nearly caught in one of these violent whirlwinds myself, as they travel so quickly and in such a very erratic fashion, that it is not an easy matter to get out of their way. The buzzing, as it passed near, was something awful, and the dust that it raised was blinding.

All along, though travelling through a plain, I was on a high land, and when at Tao-la-tsouei the altitude was over four thousand feet. The wind grew in intensity during the afternoon, and, as it blew in my face, made the travelling very uncomfortable. At times it was all I could do to hold on to my saddle. A regular dust-storm, like the simoon in the Sahara, passed over in the afternoon, and for some time my men and myself were at a loss as to where we were going. We lost the track in the blinding dust, and had some difficulty in finding it again.

Finally we reached Tkou-fo-pu, and soon after I was at the foot of the great sacred mountain of Siao-outai-shan. We did not put up at the village as there were no inns, but, mounting the slopes of the mountain, halted at the temple of Tie-lin-tsen at an altitude of over four thousand three hundred and fifty feet. Accommodation for pilgrims is provided at this temple in the temple grounds, but it was no better than that of the commoner inns.

Not far from the temple a curious natural bridge of ice over a stream was quaint and pretty, and the huge Siao towering over my head, with large patches of snow and ice on its slopes, made me long for the next morning to ascend its highest peak. The next morning came, and at 5 A.M. I set out on the steep track, accompanied by a Mongol guide. As I was walking too quickly for him he was soon left far behind, and I proceeded by myself, sure that I could find my way without him. Things went well until I had

reached an altitude of over nine thousand feet, when the track I had followed seemed to branch off, and one branch went to the south-west, the other to the north-west, round one of the smaller peaks. I took the south-west one; it led me to a point where no human being could go any farther. Where I was the slope of the mountain was such that it required a steady foot not to be sliding down into a precipice; a little farther a long glacier extended from top to bottom of the mountain, so I left the track and attempted to climb the lower peak just above me, to see if from that point of vantage I could discover the right trail. It was easier said than done, especially as I was carrying a water-color paint-box and a block slung to a strap on my shoulders; still, after a good deal of hard work, and going upon my hands and knees, I managed to crawl up to the top. I was so hot, and the view was so lovely from up there, that I sat on a stone on the edge of the slope and opened my paint-box to take a sketch. As I was sorting out the brushes, unluckily the stone on which I was sitting gave way, and I started sliding down the almost perpendicular slope, and no effort on my part to stop my involuntary tobogganing was of any avail. I tried to clutch the ground with my nails, I seized every projecting stone in hopes of stopping my precipitous descent; but *hélas!* at the speed I was going it was no easy matter to hold on to anything that I even managed to clutch.

There I had death staring me in the face, for another hundred yards would have brought me to the edge of the precipice, and over I would have gone, taking a fatal leap of several hundred feet. My hair stood on end as every second I was approaching the dreaded spot; and how well I remember the ghastly sound of my heavy paint-box which had preceded me in my disastrous descent. How well I remember the hollow sound of it banging from boulder to boulder, echoed and magnified a thousand times from one mountain to another. Then there was a



final bang from down far, far below ; the echo weakly repeated it, and all was silence once more. Another half minute and the echo would have repeated a hollower sound still ! I shut my eyes.

A violent shock, which nearly tore my body in two, made me think that I had gone over ; but no — as luck would have it I had suddenly stopped. I opened my eyes, but I did not dare move, for my position, though much improved, was far from being safe yet. I was now only about ten or fifteen yards from the edge, and in the most violent state of excitement, partly due to the bright lookout of the delayed leap and at the pleasant hope of saving my life altogether. I was half unconscious when this happened, and it took me some minutes to realize how and where I was. I knew that I was hanging somewhere, but to what I was hanging, and from what, and how, I did not know, as I was hanging from my back. It was a state of suspense, but that was all !

As I slowly got my wits about me again, to my great horror I discovered that as yet my life was hanging to a hair like Damocles' sword. My coat and a strong leather strap which I had slung under my arm had just caught over a projecting stone, and that was what had stopped me from proceeding any farther towards certain death ; but the slightest false movement on my part, as a jerk, might still place me in great danger. Slowly, as my back was slightly resting on the almost perpendicular slope, I tried to get a footing, and when this was done the great difficulty was to turn round. After several minutes of anxiety which seemed ages, also this feat was successfully accomplished, and there I stood half-lying with my body on the ground, and clutching the rock that had saved my life, until my commotion had entirely passed away, and I began to crawl up, as I had done before, as best I could, cat-like fashion.

I reached the treacherous trail again, and followed it back to where it parted, and there I found the guide squatting

on his heels and quietly smoking his pipe. He showed me the right track, and away I walked by myself again as he was such a slow walker. I made him give me my oil-paint box, which he was carrying for me, and with it, following a comparatively easy but steep track, I first reached a sort of a small, solidly built shed, and then climbing up the steeper and fairly dangerous part of the track, finally reached the summit of the highest peak. I said "fairly dangerous," for the last few yards before one reaches the top of the pinnacle are not more than one foot wide, and on both sides is a precipice the end of which one can hardly see. In fact, the performance for those few yards was not unlike tight-rope walking, only at an altitude of about twelve thousand feet.

The summit of the highest peak is nothing but a huge, barren rock, and on the top, only about ten feet in diameter, the credulous pilgrims have erected a small wooden shrine, some three or four feet square and six feet high. The poor bronze images of Buddha inside it were stuffed with bits of paper, for which purpose a special hole is provided at the base of the image, and on which prayers were written, or else "wishes" that pilgrims were anxious to obtain.

At the elevation on which I stood on Siao-outai-shan, and fortunate enough to have hit on a lovely day, I commanded from there the grandest panorama it has ever been my good fortune to gaze upon. Mountain range after mountain range of huge mountains, blending from warm brownish tints into pure blue, encircled me on the south and south-east side, and close at hand towards the north-east.

Mount Show-ho-ling, 6,582 feet above sea-level, looked a mere toy by the side of his gigantic neighbor.

I made a weak attempt at portraying this scene in oils, and another weaker still at a bird's-eye view of the endless stretch of flat land on the north and north-west side, with, to the naked eye, the hardly perceptible chain of the Huang-yan-shang mountain mass



forming a high barrier on its northern border.

I re-descended a short way in order to visit the small temple on the side of a precipice, and to which one can only accede through a few planks suspended over the precipice itself, and which, to all appearance, were neither solid nor safe. However, one does a good many foolish things for curiosity's sake that one would not do otherwise, and I did not like leaving that interesting spot without being able to say that I had seen all that there was to see. I, therefore, walked along the narrow and shaky planks, balancing myself as well as I could; but I must confess that when I had traversed the precipice from one end to another, and felt equal to Blondin for going across Niagara on a wire, my patience was rather put to a test when I discovered that the last plank of this primitive scaffolding had either fallen or been removed, and to reach the platform of the temple a jump of over a yard was necessary. This unexpected acrobatic feat, when you know that if by mistake you missed the platform or slipped you would have a drop of three or four hundred feet before you touched ground again, was rather beyond even my usual amount of foolishness; still, I could not resist the temptation, and I jumped. In the temple there was but little to see, with the exception of long rows of small images of Buddha, similar to the ones in the other shrine, and equally stuffed with "wishes" to be granted. They were the offers of pilgrims, and some were gilt, others of bronze color.

The jumping from the platform back on to the narrow plank was even a more risky performance than the reverse achievement, but with the precaution of taking my boots off so as not to slip, even this difficulty was surmounted, and to my heart's content I now made progressive strides towards descending the mountain. Both on the northern and southern slopes large patches of ice and snow covered the cavities and sheltered nooks of the lofty peak, but the parts more exposed to the sun were free of either.

No incidents nor accidents marked the descent, and late in the afternoon I was again at the temple at the foot of the mountain. The following morning, much before sunrise, one of the muleteers came to wake me up with the startling news that the bonzes or priests of the temple had just attempted to extort money from him, and that he was commissioned to bring me the following message: "Either I paid the bonzes a sum equivalent of £12 for accommodation in the temple compound, or they would do away with me." "Tell them yes," was my answer, "but not till sunrise," and at the same time ordered the muleteer to have everything ready to start with the first rays of light.

There was certainly a great commotion in the temple compound, and as I noiselessly made a hole through my paper window, I could see the shaven bonzes running from one room into another and confabulating among themselves. I loaded the five chambers of my revolver, and kept ready for any emergency. At dawn things were ready to start, and the mules were laden under my supervision, while all the bonzes were standing in front of the main gate, probably to prevent my going through. One of them attempted to shut the gate, but I stopped him, and, setting one of the Frenchmen on guard of it with a rifle, I made mules, muleteers, and baggage leave the compound through the violent remonstrations of the bonzes, who had now become like so many wild beasts.

The usual money due to them for two nights' lodging, I think about thirty shillings, was paid to the chief bonze, and as he seemed to give way to his temper, I set my revolver under his nose, which suddenly changed him and the others into a most affectedly civil lot.

Thus we parted friends. We descended the hillside, and as we were some way down I saw one of the young bonzes come out of the temple compound by a back way, and run towards the village of Tkou-fo-pu, probably to rise the natives against us. As I had

thought, when, half an hour later, we entered the village, we were met by a very rowdy crowd, and subjected to all sorts of insults, stones even being fired at us, but we managed to pull through all right, and, retracing our steps whence we had come, arrived at Sheu-men-tzu that same night. From this point I decided to return to Peking by a different route, journeying north-east instead of south-east. We were thirteen hours on our saddles between Sheu-men-tzu and the next halting-place, Fan-chan-pu, but nothing happened of very great interest. We went through a curious gorge past Ouang-kia-yao, lined all along with willow-trees, but neither Tasie-yao, nor Mie-tchan, or Tie-na, appeared to be villages of any great importance. Kiem-tsuen had the advantage of being of a much larger size.

The marshes of Chang-Chui-mo, which we passed on our left, were picturesque with their huge willows growing along their borders. Then came in sight the village rejoicing in the name of Chia-chouei-mo, and last, but not least, the town of Fan-chan-pu. We spent the night at this place.

Still traversing the country from south-west to north-east, and in a pouring rain, we visited the villages of Si-kou-ying, Hao-kwei-ying, and Sang-yein. Here the women, dressed in their best clothes, stood watching us on the doorsteps, which would have been quite a pretty sight, with their multi-colored jupons and trousers, had the effect not been partly spoiled by the horrible deformity of their feet squeezed into microscopic shoes. I possess a pair of these shoes as worn by a mandarin's wife, and the length of them is only three inches. Towards noon we reached Ya-lo-wan, on the banks of the Hung-ho River, a miserable village on a minuscule hill of yellow earth. The river had to be waded. A Chinaman—a beggar, I thought—volunteered to take animals and men safely across for a sum of money, for he said there were large holes in the river-bed, in which our animals would have lost their footing had we crossed by ourselves. I

would not employ him, as I hate to be imposed upon by humbugs; and knowing the little way which these gentlemen have of digging large holes on purpose in the river-bed while dry in summer, so as to extort money from timid travellers, I proceeded to "sell" him. I guided my mules not right across the water, for the holes are generally dug where most unaware people are likely to cross, but a few yards farther up, therefore landing every one safely on the other side, with the exception of one donkey, who, in strict similarity with all the evil spirits of China, insisted on going on his own account in a straight line in front of his nose, with the result, that when he reached the middle of the stream, he fell into one of the holes, and with the weight of the load he was carrying, disappeared. Only the points of his ears could be seen wagging out of the water. The hole-man, if I may call him so, who had eagerly been watching for this, ran in the water to his rescue and saved his life, for which act I duly rewarded him.

The next halt we made at Houai-lai-shien, a fairly large town sixteen hundred and fifty-three feet above sea-level, and intersected by the highway from Peking to Kalgan, and thence to Siberia. A fine stone bridge is to be found just out of one of the gates. Three hours' journey brought us to Yu-ling-pu, and another hour to Paol-chan. Here we came to numerous towers similar to those described of the wall at Tung-an-tzu, but no signs of a wall could be discerned, which joined these towers, though I am of opinion that in all probability even these square structures were in olden days connected by an earthen wall or possibly even a light stone wall. Many of these towers bear the appearance of having been well used for fire-signalling. Not far from these we got to the great wall at Chatao, where walls and towers are of much larger dimensions than at any other place I have seen in China.

Chatao (fourteen hundred and seventy feet above sea-level) is situated on the small semicircle described by the

Great Wall between this and Cha-sau-ku, therefore making the wall double between the two points, and forming a kind of a huge semi-circular enclosed castle. The Great Wall of China, considering the centuries it has been up, must have been wonderfully well built, for, as yet, it is in marvellous repair, with the exception of the roofs in the towers that have fallen through.

At this place the wall is enormously wide and imposing as it winds up the barren slopes of the nearer hills. The gate at Tziun-kuan was built in the third moon of the first year of Tzin-tai, but a more beautiful one is that at Kin-youn-kuan, with its magnificent stone carvings both under the archway and outside.

Here I saw a strange sight. A number of fat pigs that passed on the road were clad in neat little socks, so that their feet should not get sore in walking long distances.

Following the highway, still passing thousands of camels carrying tea to Siberia, with the monotonous sound of their dingling bells, we came upon the Pass of Nankao; and from here, leaving the highway and swinging sharply to the north-east, we directed our steps to Che-san-ling, where we visited the Ming tombs. The one of Yunloh attracted mostly my admiration, and the Tumulus of Chang-su-uen, a simple but stately structure in masonry and red lacquer, with a double roof similar to a pagoda. The stone gateway, surmounted by two animals, was also as graceful as it was simple. I must confess that so much had I heard about the avenue of the gigantic stone animals and figures, that I was much disappointed when I saw them. They did not appear to me to be gigantic at all; on the contrary, they seemed to me very small, and some of the animals, like the elephant and the camel, were, I am sure, smaller than life-size.

We made our last halt for the night at Chang-ping-tchu. In the morning, as we left the town, we saw a number of bodies of men who had died of starvation, and from the stench they had apparently been left there some

time. Two or three were half buried under a pile of large stones. We crossed over the bridge on to Chatouen, a very festive place, where, though early in the morning, a diabolical representation, with accompaniment of excruciating music, was taking place in a large out-of-door theatre, and the houses were decorated with paper flowers and lanterns.

As we were going along the river-course it was amusing to watch the skilful way in which, with a small hand-net, the natives catch a tiny kind of fish, said to be excellent to eat.

Drawing nearer the Chinese capital the habitations increased in number, as well as the villages and towns. The dusty roadway was thronged with people, camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, and now and then a palanquin conveyed a high official to or from the East great centre. Coolies, with their huge, pointed, round hats, were running with heavy loads to and fro, and everything was life and business.

At sunset we entered Pekin by the north gate, thus ending my enjoyable outing to the great Siao-outai-shan.

A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR.

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From The Scottish Review.

MR. RUSKIN AS A PRACTICAL TEACHER.

THE impractical nature of some of Mr. Ruskin's teachings, especially in political economy, his startling assertions and vigorous protests against received opinions, and his apparently eccentric criticisms have, in times past, been often the cause of regret to his friends and the subject of severe animadversion of his opponents. Some have even provoked ridicule and supercilious banter. It is therefore a pleasant surprise to find in the recently published book of Mr. W. G. Collingwood, on the "Work and Life of John Ruskin," that there was a remarkable amount of good sense and practical wisdom in the subject of this biography. It is a work carefully and cautiously prepared by one whose chief claim to our attention, apart from his

intimacy with the man whose life and work he so aptly records, is the transparent honesty and fairness in the estimate it forms of both. It was well that some one should undertake to clear Mr. Ruskin's memory of the charge of utter impracticability, and scoffers and unbelievers will be astonished to see here how much can be said in favor of Mr. Ruskin's practical good sense. Readers of this review will be, moreover, specially pleased to discover that this is entirely attributed to his Scottish descent and Scottish acquaintances. As one is occasionally surprised and pleased to find an Irishman of one's own acquaintance—and we have known such—preternaturally calm, cool, and collected, and able to possess his soul in patience, and straightway puts it down to the fact that Scottish blood runs in his veins, so in the case of Mr. Ruskin what there is of practical common sense in his teaching on art and the art of life, both in practice and precept, is naturally attributed to his Scottish origin and breed; and the Scots who influenced his modes of thought and feeling, such as Sir Walter, Lord Lindsay, Principal Forbes, but most of all Carlyle. Mr. Collingwood informs us even that Scotchmen such as Hogg, Pringle, and Lockhart, were among the first to discover the genius of Ruskin. But lest readers of this paper should be, as Scotchmen, puffed up above measure, we could add the testimony of an Englishwoman who knew Ruskin intimately, Mrs. Ritchie, the daughter of Thackeray, speaks in her personal reminiscences of Ruskin's "conscience and common sense wrapped up and hidden among the flowers." With the flowers of his poetical mind all men are acquainted, and their sweet odor is readily acknowledged even by his opponents; that Ruskin's conscience had a keen edge and was delicately formed to discern good and evil when others more obtuse morally could see little or no distinction in ethical niceties was never doubted by any one who had read say a dozen pages of his voluminous works. But that there was a

practical mind which could with all sobriety of judgment address itself to the bare facts of life is a new revelation to not a few. When more than ten years ago, the present writer, as the founder and first president of a Ruskin society in a northern town, was called upon to select a subject for his inaugural address, he felt it necessary to select for his theme, "Ruskin as a practical teacher." For addressing, as he did, an audience of enquirers into, rather than students of, Ruskin's methods of teaching, he felt that to remove prejudices on this head was his first duty. Since then, with more knowledge of his writings and progress in culture generally, such prejudices have been partially removed, and readers of Mr. Ruskin's books now come to them with minds better prepared and more favorably predisposed, so as to read them with more sympathetic insight and intelligence. Hence we find both from the information contained in that lately published biography, and from other sources, that these books are more widely read than ever, and that they actually furnish at the present time the chief source of income to their gifted author. This may be a sordid fact to record, but of very practical significance in the present day. And practical people may learn a lesson, too, from this. Here is Mr. Ruskin, who starts in life with a colossal fortune (of some £150,000 or £200,000) and we see him in his impractical way lavishing thousands in founding masterships of drawing, and collections to illustrate their teaching; in founding guilds for impractical objects, but on high moral grounds, and spending what remains, in large sums, for objects of private and public benevolence, until he is nearly left penniless; and lo! and behold! the books he writes in the face of opposition of all the common-sense, practical people, are now practically a source of wealth to compensate the writer for his noble unselfishness—the lesson is this, that of lucre as well as of life, it is true sometimes that he who loses shall find it, and here, too, wisdom is justified by

her children. Of Mr. Ruskin as a man, little need be said here by way of introduction to his practical teaching. We may content ourselves with the modest estimate he gives of himself: "Not an unjust person, nor an unkind one, not a false one; but a lover of order, labor, and peace." By many he has been regarded at times in the light of an intellectual despot and literary usurper, but mainly because he was misunderstood. The consciousness of having an important mission entrusted to him, to teach new or neglected truths to a generation unwilling to give heed to them, may have induced Mr. Ruskin to speak with an air of authority, bearing a strong resemblance to positive self-assertion. But a careful perusal of his republished works, and a close attention to the numerous foot-notes, where he becomes his own commentator and critic, will soon acquit him of the charge of proud self-sufficiency, for they are full of self-depreciatory remarks on his own productions. And no one, in such a man, can doubt the genuineness of these expressions of humility and self-accusation. Unlike some of his affected followers, Ruskin is perfectly free from the "consummate" pharisaism and self-idolizing æstheticism which are characteristic rather of the minor prophets of culture, sitting like the foolish soul in Tennyson's "Palace of Art," on her intellectual throne, and saying (we cannot believe that Tennyson here refers to Goethe, though Professor Seeley thinks so):—

I marvel if my still delight  
In this great house so royal, rich, and wide,  
Be flattered to the height.

He wished his followers, his biographer informs us, should live their lives to the full in "admiration, hope, and love," and in his address before the Cambridge School of Art, in 1858, Mr. Ruskin himself says to his audience: "There is no way of getting good art, I repeat, but one—at once the simplest and most difficult—namely, to *enjoy* it." He shows that "if the artist works without delight, he passes away into space, and perishes of cold; if he works

*only for delight*, he falls into the sun, and extinguishes himself in ashes." In other words, enjoyment there must be, but mere indulgence in artistic or æsthetic pleasure is of the evil; intellectual luxury may become a snare and a selfish hoarding of art treasures for private enjoyment, like every other form of selfishness, not to be encouraged; in short, artistic or literary epicureanism, Mr. Ruskin does not preach, or practise. He would have all the achievements of the mind, whether in literature or in art, serve a *practical* purpose. "Thus end all the evils of life, only in death; and thus issue all the gifts of man, only in his dishonor, when they are pursued, or possessed in the service of pleasure only."

Those who would have a competent knowledge of Mr. Ruskin's theory of art, and its relation to the art of life, should read in the first instance the "Lectures on Art" delivered before the University of Oxford. Here, as Mr. Collingwood reminds his readers, "we must look for that matured Ruskinian theory of art which his early works do not reach, and which his writings between 1860 and 1870 do not touch." Though the Oxford lectures are only a fragment of what he ought to have done, they should be sufficient to a careful reader; though their expression is sometimes obscured by diffuse treatment, they contain the root of the matter thought out for fifteen years, since the close of the more brilliant but less profound period of "Modern Painters."

But before we proceed to examine that section of the lectures which bears on our present subject, it may be as well to say a word or two on those impracticalities in Ruskin's teaching which it were vain to ignore, so as to clear the way for the unprejudiced consideration of the main argument. We remember how, some years ago, when conversing with the Rev. J. Ll. Davies on the economic theories of Ruskin, and the importance attached here to ethics, our interlocutor, by a shake of the head, gave us to understand he could not agree, and said, his



only response, "he is so very impracticable." Less calm and cautious thinkers, and some less competent to pronounce judgment on the question, will be apt to be even more severe in their criticism on Mr. Ruskin's economic theories. As a matter of fact, Thackeray, as editor of the *Cornhill*, had to stop the publication of the essays which were afterwards republished under the title "Unto this Last," because the public were incensed against the author of those strange definitions and descriptions of value and wealth, and the implied or expressed severe criticism on the prevailing modes of industry which they contained. That wealth is "the possession of the valuable by the valiant," put into big capitals; that to be "valuable" is to "avail towards life," "money gain being only the shadow of the true gain, which is humanity," and such expressions as "There is no wealth but life,"—this seemed at that time the ravings of a lunatic. When he described in "Time and Tide" competition "as a confused wreck of social order and life," and suggested in these "Letters to a workingman of Sunderland on work" "the necessity of some restraint on the properties and incomes of the upper classes within certain fixed limits," when he speaks here of "the deadly influence of the moneyed power," when in his letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, then in its infancy (now republished under the title of "Arrows of the Chace"), defending his own as against the prevailing notions of the economists, he said "that wages are determined by supply and demand, is no proof that under any circumstances they *must* be—still less that under all circumstances they *ought* to be," and that the laws of political economy are not those of the "law of the wolf and the locust," but the laws of justice, he was like one speaking in an unknown tongue. That much of what he said then in his virtuous indignation at the commonplaces of economic science, falsely so called, was not always said wisely, that there was want of moderation in the outspoken

severity of his criticism, as when in "Modern Painters," quoted again in "Unto this Last," he sweepingly asserts that "Government and Co-operation are in all things the laws of life; Anarchy and Competition the laws of death," no one can doubt. That his actual proposals for remedying the evils he attacks were far from practical at times must be admitted. All the same, the salient points in his ethical theory of political economy are no longer controverted, and his standpoint is now adopted by recognized teachers of the science, in a modified form at least. In the words of his latest exponent:—

He showed, as others have since shown more calmly and completely, after he broke the ground for them, that the old Economy did not take in the whole facts of the case, as any true science does, and must do . . . he showed that competition, for example, was not a "law," but only a phase of commercial society. If it were a law, properly so-called, it would be universal and inevitable, like the attraction of gravitation; whereas, in many cases it was actually set aside at the will of one man or company of men, for co-operation; and in other cases, he showed, it stopped progress, and the flow of wealth which it was supposed to promote . . . and where the so-called laws of this so-called science were taken as practical rules for life and conduct, and clashed, as they often did, with plain morality, or were made the shield of selfishness . . . then he pressed the conclusion that it was a superannuated creed, no better than a heathenism in whose name all manner of evils might be speciously justified: "tantum religio potuit suadere malorum"—in short Ruskin's Economy points to an ideal, it calls a *practical* legislation to accept the principle, "I ought, therefore I can," and to drag the world up to a moral standard; whereas, the Old Economy's influence was the reverse. And in practical issues he was fully cognizant of human infirmities, and of the necessity for gradual evolution to the "moral culture" he speaks of.

His biographer adds a curious anecdote to show the practicalness of this teaching (which, however, we must add, Mr. Ruskin full well knew would not be received or acted upon by practical people for many a day), that when

the general of the Salvation Army was working out his social scheme, he told the Rev. H. V. Mills, the first promoter of the home-colony plan, that he was entirely ignorant of political economy, and asked for a book on the subject. Mills thereupon gave him "Unto this Last" — the "*Munera Pulveris*" would have been a more valuable gift as a guide to the science. The theories and schemes formulated in "*Fors Clavigera*" have been more than once called "utterly impractical." Mr. Collingwood points out, that what Ruskin suggested as an ideal, was never intended for immediate adoption, and differed from other Utopias in being "far nearer realization than they." We may add here, as an illustration of this, that one of his suggestions, the re-introduction of the old guild system, and making it universal, not local, to adapt it to modern needs, is held up as a social panacea at this very moment by practical statesmen in Austria and France, and has been partially attempted in the legislation of the former country. And what could be more practical than to say, as Mr. Ruskin does to the workmen in one of his letters in the "*Fors*," "Your prosperity is in your own hands. Only in a remote degree does it depend on external matters, and, least of all, on forms of government." There are many sayings, no doubt, which are not so easily reconciled with practical common sense. His definition, *e.g.*, of the "civilized nation," as consisting broadly of mob, money-collecting machine (by which he means the State), and capitalists, his unmeasured terms of contempt, in which he declaims against machinery, the exaggerated glorification of "hand-labor," and equally exaggerated dislike of steam "smoking kettles," his sweeping condemnation of "this age of steam and iron, luxury and selfishness," and "the discordant insolence of modernism." All these must be put down as the excusable vagaries of genius, as the rash though vigorous utterances of a chivalric soul trying his lance in the defence of natural beauty and whole-

some simplicity, as a champion of what is noble and true, as against all that is ugly, base, and churlish, desecrating nature and degrading humanity. Again, his efforts practically to embody his ideals in the formation, *e.g.*, of the St. George's Guild :—

A body of persons who think, primarily, that it is time for honest persons to separate themselves intelligibly from knaves, announcing their purpose, if God help them, to live in godliness and honor, not in atheism and rascality ; and who think, secondarily, that the sum which well-disposed persons usually set aside for charitable purposes (named the tenth part of their income) may be most usefully applied in buying land for the nation, and entrusting the cultivation of it to a body of well-taught and well-cared-for peasantry.

His rashness in putting £7,000 into the St. George's Company, which we need not say was a bad investment ; his opening a tea-shop in Paddington Street, to be conducted on high commercial principles ; his organization of crossing sweeping between the British Museum and St. Giles's, on ethical principles, and that of bands of undergraduates for digging roads, so as to serve their day and generation by manual labor, and for the benefit of their own moral and mental culture ; in these things he cannot be said to have been eminently practical. They were protests against the false assumptions and inconsistent doings of selfish practical people, whom he perhaps too severely taxed with being given to "sharp practice." But in doing all this, he practised what he preached, which is not always true of the modern philanthropist. The principle which guided him is contained in the following passage, illustrating his intention in what may seem to some Quixotic attempts to realize his ideals. It is taken from "Unto this Last," and distinguishes between true and false wealth, the methods of acquiring and using it when accumulated :—

Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities ; or, on the

other, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicanery. . . . one man of money is the outcome of action which has created—another, of action which has annihilated—ten times as much in the gathering of it; such and such strong hands have been paralyzed, as if they had been numbed by night shade; so many strong men's courage broken, so many productive operations hindered; this and the other false direction given to labor, and lying image of prosperity set up on Dura plains dug in seven-times-heated furnaces. That which seems to be wealth may in verity be only the gilded index of far-reaching ruin; a wrecker's handful of coin gleaned from the beach to which he has beguiled an argosy; an army-follower's bunch of rags unwrapped from the breasts of goodly soldiers dead; the purchase-pieces of potter's fields, wherein shall be buried together the citizen and the stranger.

Stripped of its gorgeous array of style, this passage has its practical suggestion, directly and suggestively on the great question, not only of getting, but also of spending the surplus of wealth at any given time or place; in short, on the relation of commerce to art, and the close connection that exists between the ideals of art and an ideal art of life. This more particularly as applying to our own times and country. For there comes a time in the history of every great commercial community, when the mere acquisition of money for its own sake gives way to the tendency of making a rational use of it in surrounding ourselves with objects of art, which, for their due appreciation, require a cultivated mind and refined taste, the results of leisure, liberation of mind from sordid cares, luxurious ease, and new dangers arise from these. This was the case in the rising towns at the close of the mediæval era, and partly in consequence of the discovery of new treasures in hitherto undiscovered countries. Such, again, is the case now, owing to the vast increase of wealth as the result of the discovery of steam and machinery, and numberless mechanical appliances taught by modern science. With it the interest in art and culture has been growing apace. Among the four causes promot-

ing art studies in our own day enumerated by Mr. Ruskin in the "Lectures on Art," there are at least two which affect Great Britain, namely, the frequent intercourse with foreign nations, as a result of maritime greatness, and this facilitates acquaintance with the masterpieces of foreign art; secondly, the impulse given to the production of art treasures by the rapid accumulation of wealth, as a purchasing power to acquire them. Such, too, was the case with Italian towns of the Renaissance. Both causes operate in the same direction. They make us feel the want of a safe guide to the masterpieces of art, and a guardian to warn us against faults of taste in the encouragement of artists, but the search after the beautiful ends, as it undoubtedly has done in quite recent times, in æsthetic knight-errantry and sensuous degeneracy, a new faction threatening to dominate modern literature as well as modern art, which is apt to regard them as means to "amuse indolence or satisfy sensibility." Now this want of the age Mr. Ruskin may be said to supply. This evidently he considers to be his right province; all his works bear testimony to it. Unconsciously at first, too consciously since, perhaps, he has made himself the art prophet of his age and nation. As such, it cannot be denied that he combines in his person and doctrine artistic thoroughness with catholicity of taste, having a fine appreciation alike for the lofty idealism and consummate execution peculiar to the old masters, and the truth loving and truth expressing minute realism of the moderns. His lectures on Dutch art, delivered in Edinburgh, are an excellent example of the latter. But what is of still greater importance, he never loses sight of the truth, not appreciated by the professed lovers of "art for art's sake," that the fine arts are a moral force in society, so that "the art of any country is an exact exponent of its ethical life," or as Mr. Ruskin says still more distinctly in the "Crown of Wild Olive," "what we like determines what we are, and is the sign of what we are; and to teach taste

is inevitably to form character." In expressions such as these, scattered broadcast over all his writings, we found our argument that he is a practical teacher, showing the real bearing on every-day life of every subject in science, art, or economics, on which he expatiates.

Thus in Mr. Ruskin's exposition of the relationship of art to use, morals, and religion, we have an epitome of his theoretical view of the true functions of art in human life, showing its serviceableness in the lower and higher aims of existence, as a means for the attainment of material competency, moral culture, and a refined religious cultus, with due regard to the intimate connection which subsists between taste and toil, ethics and aesthetics, culture and common sense. "The highest thing that art can do is to set before you the true image of the presence of a noble human being." And accordingly he goes on to say in the second lecture: "The great arts . . . have had and can have, but three principal directions of purpose: first, that of enforcing the religion of man; secondly, that of perfecting their ethical state; thirdly, that of doing them material service."

We may reverse this order, and dwell on the last of them first, so as to see what in Mr. Ruskin's opinion is the practical value of art studies and art productions. It will be remembered that he has given some hard hits to practical people, as when he says, in "Sesame and Lilies," that "a nation cannot with impunity . . . go on despising literature, despising science, despising nature, despising compassion, and concentrating its soul on pence." Here the typical man of practical common sense is ready to rejoin: "True, man does not live by bread alone, but all the same he does not live very long without it." If life simply becomes a graceful recreation, who will do the hard work and collect the pence for purchasing pictures and other art treasures? If Mr. Ruskin's father had not accumulated a fortune in the wine trade, his son could not have en-

joyed the learned leisure required for writing "Modern Painters." Mr. Ruskin would agree so far with the practical man reasoning thus. But he would add, as he says in the "Crown of Wild Olive":—

No nation ever made its bread either by its great arts, or its great wisdoms. By its minor arts and manufactures, by its practical knowledges, yes; but its noble scholarships, its noble philosophy, and its noble art, are always to be bought as a treasure, not sold for a livelihood. You do not learn that you may live—you live that you may learn.

In this work, too, showing the value of education and speaking on England's future, he shows that as all education begins in work, so "the only thing of consequence is what we *do*; and for man, woman, or child, the first point of education is to make them do their best." But this is an eminently practical view of education; one of its ends, its chief end in effect is practical work, as thoroughness of workmanship is that on which Mr. Ruskin constantly insists in all his lessons on art, never forgetting, however, the importance of "fostering and guarding of all gentle life and natural beauty on the earth." In short, in his own mind there is no violent sundering of those two, the *utile* and the *dulce*. Speaking of their art studies as part of the university curriculum, he says, in his inaugural address to the students of the Cambridge School of Art, "You must get it [*i.e.*, art] to serve some serious work." But nevertheless, it is the mission of art, too, to provide the needful for our moments of leisure, and to add to the charm of cultured ease, "Art adds grace to utility." If impractical people are apt to get into raptures over sun-flowers and old china, and are in danger of a transcendental worship of the beautiful which strikes the practical mind as exquisite trifling, the practical man of the nineteenth century is but too apt to think that, as Carlyle says,—we quote from memory the thought rather than the words,—there is no other heaven but success, and no other hell

but failure, in the ordinary concerns of life. In this practical Utopia the profitable and the hideous are often close neighbors, the dwellers in a fool's paradise, which is only an earthly paradise of their own creation, being as much deceived by their illusions as are the least practical of dreamers. If we can manage to remove the ugly neighbor without going to extremes, there is no reason why in some way Philistia may not be turned into Arcadia. "To get the country clean and the people lovely" by improvements in dress and dwelling, might, in a very practical way, increase our present stock of "mental health, power, and pleasure," and thus add to the "joys of existence."

Again, if as a commercial community, we pride ourselves on being matter-of-fact people, we are reminded by Mr. Ruskin, in these art lectures, that it is one of the functions of art to record *fact*, as in the case of drawing rocks, plants, and wings of animals, thus assisting in a serviceable manner the study of geology, botany, and zoology. Now, all these are practical, and may become even profitable studies. In the faithful reproduction, moreover, of the appearances of sky, of the phenomena of animal life, and the skilled portraiture of human features, art renders transitory impressions of fact more permanent and records otherwise easily neglected facts in an impressive manner. But, we ask, what can be more practical than facts?

Again, although it would be lowering our ideas of the functions of art simply to endeavor to develop art-skill with a view to profit, yet Mr. Ruskin even shows that a well-trained nation may ultimately profit by the exercise of its peculiar art-skill, though he adds, that art-skill can never be developed "with a view to profit" successfully, though it may do so incidentally. For this reason he despairs of the English ever excelling in decorative design, because of the oppressive anxieties which cramp their mind as a commercial people. But this is only a question of

degree. It is not denied that such skill can be acquired, and that its acquisition tends to profit, and this is pre-eminently a practical consideration.

Passing on from the lower to the higher function of art, from the material to the moral standpoint of Ruskin, as an art critic, we find him saying, "Life without industry is guilt, and industry without art is brutality." But the brutal man is immoral. Hence, it would follow that art is a moralizing force. In what way may it be regarded as a moral lever in a materialistic age? Mr. Ruskin, with other social reformers of the day, speaks again and again of the need of more integrity and simplicity in modern life. He also points to simplicity and sincerity and truth to nature as the first requisites of true art, and recommends them both to artists and art-students. But are simplicity and sincerity the characteristics of an age which begins to take a deeper interest in art, so that the latter becomes actually an important ethical factor in the refining process of society? Art has mostly flourished in the midst of a corrupt society, the product itself of a perishing civilization, reflecting in its later developments a contemporaneous degeneracy in mind and morals. This is simply a historical commonplace. Mr. Ruskin replies after this manner: Tracing the rise, progress, and decline of high civilizations, he speaks of a period bearing a strong resemblance to the times we live in, when "conscience and intellect are so highly developed that new forms of error begin in the inability to fulfil the demands of the one, or to answer the doubts of the other." "Then," he says, "the wholeness of the people is lost; all kinds of hypocrisies and oppositions of science develop themselves; their faith is questioned on one side and compromised with on the other; wealth commonly increases at the same period to a destructive extent; luxury follows; the ruin of the nation is then certain." He shows how in such a case art becomes the exponent of each successive step in the downward course, not as



the cause, but as the consequences of such a state of things. "If in such times fair pictures have been misused, how much more fair realities. And if Miranda is immoral to Caliban is that Miranda's fault?"

Ours, it would seem, is an age in perilous proximity to this stage in the development of civilization. If this be so, then the most powerful preservation of society is the creation and maintenance of lofty standards and high ideals to save it from corruption, affecting alike the canons of art itself, and the regulating principles of the art of life in their mutual action and reaction. The sensuous realism in some forms of modern art is not so much a return to nature as a reflection of a practical materialism. The highest efforts of art, whether in poetry or painting, are a rebuke to, rather than a reflection of, the prevailing utilitarianism or hedonism in ethics and æsthetics. The art of any country is not always "the exponent of its social and political virtues," nor is it true, invariably, that "the art, or general productive and formative energy, of any country, is an exact exponent of its ethical life," as Mr. Ruskin affirms in his inaugural lecture. For in the masterpieces of Greek sculpture, of Gothic architecture, and Renaissance paintings, we have the higher ideals of the best minds, the heroic efforts of a small remnant of high-souled artists living in a realistic era, and struggling against depressing and degrading influences around them, who, if they could not avert the coming catastrophe, secured at least the survival of what was best in an age of decay. In this way art may preserve the continuity of human development in holding up the indestructible standards of order and goodness in the world. This moral function of art, appealing to the imagination, stimulating noble passion, and illuminating the path of duty, as a light in a dark place, is one of the most important truths taught by Mr. Ruskin in his works, and exemplified in his private and public career, "the highest thing that art can do is to set before you the

true image of the presence of a noble human being." He insists on "the ethical state of mind and body, the moral force which guides the hand, the mental energy which gives muscular firmness and subtilty to execution." So, in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," he shows how "the truth, decision, and temperance, which we reverently regard as honorable conditions of the spiritual being, have a representative or derivative influence over the works of the hand, the movements of the frame, and the action of the intellect." Here, again, we are on debatable ground, the question arises, how far can good work proceed from bad men? Is it true as an axiom in the theory of art that the moral temper of the workman is shown by his seeking lovely forms of thought to express as well as by the force of his hand in expression? Thus to select an example from the art of poetry, is it possible that such a piece of work as the "Paradise Lost" could have been written by a Royalist contemporary of Milton, tainted though he might have been by the profligate surroundings of his class and party, as some of the best poems of Burns and Byron bear no trace of the feebleness of moral fibre in their composition? Burns and Byron were called the two "most poetical geniuses of the time" by Carlyle, and no one will accuse Carlyle of obtuseness in moral perception. It is almost impossible at this time of day to decide whether any one but Milton could have written what is best in the "Paradise Lost." But there can be no doubt that the sincerity and natural sensibility breathing through every line of Burns's lyrics remain unimpaired by the sordid coarseness of the man and his surroundings, while the earnestness and energy which mark the masterpieces of Byron's muse are as little weakened by the egotism of the "Sulky Dandy," or marred by the "sulphurous humor" of this "chief of the Satanic School." True, in not a few of Byron's poems we see reflected the uncontrollable individualism of the man as well as the force and ferocity of his time. Uncon-

sciously, he reproduces the stirring activities of that era of material progress, and the rapid triumphs of the pushing middle class. But, consciously, he rebels against all this and the social hypocrisies and paltry pride resulting therefrom. Thus Byron, like Burns, becomes a compound of inspired clay. What is best in both, *i.e.*, the inspired portion, the product of their best thoughts, conceived in their best moments — this survives, the rest is destined to perish, unable to bear the crucial test of time, "when every man's work shall be made manifest." And so the truth of Mr. Ruskin's dictum on the intimate connection between art and morals remains firmly established. "If there be, indeed, sterling value in the thing done, it has come of a sterling worth in the soul that did it, however alloyed and defiled by conditions of sin, which are sometimes more appalling and more strange than those which all may detect in their own hearts, because they are part of a personality altogether larger than ours, and as far beyond our judgment in its darkness as beyond our following in its light."

We come next to speak of the relation of art to religion, remembering what Butler says in his "Analogy" that "Religion is a practical thing." The object of art is not only to support man in the battle of life and in the conflict with adverse forces in the universe, which is the province of the useful arts of life, promoting technical skill and ethics, promoting the habits in moral conduct, but, also, as Mr. Ruskin says again and again, with characteristic insistence, "Art in its higher revelations is intended to vitalize religious faith and to supply aids for the furthering of the higher life." This we have reserved for treatment in the last instance, not in the spirit of wayward caprice, but with a purpose; not because in a practical age we assign the first and foremost place to the practical value of art, but because this arrangement enables us to treat of the three functions of art in the ascending order of importance, taking the religious

aspect last, as presumably the most important, even to practical people. Besides, it is not too much to assume that in the natural evolution of man in the nineteenth century, he passes first through the two stages of mammonism and ethical materialism before he reaches the higher stage of religious spirituality. We know, as a matter of course, that it is quite possible for religious idealism to co-exist with the worship of a "splendid materiality," the historian of materialism lays this to the charge of the English people. There is no doubt such a thing as the "Ethics of the Dust." We mean here what Mr. Ruskin does not mean by this title of one of his books, we mean gold dust. But no one in his heart believes in this simulacra of morals and religion. There are those who, in the words of Mr. Ruskin, turn the "household gods of Christianity into ugly idols of their own." The practical question before us is how far art may aid religion in the present day, adding its "sweetness" to the "light" of religious thought, so that grace and truth may walk the earth together, and art, in the best sense of the word, become auxiliary to religion.

The restlessness of our life at high pressure, wasting, as it does, our energies in the pursuit of industry, and marring, as it also does, our enjoyments, snatched from endless occupations during short intervals of disturbed leisure; this restlessness of which we hear complaints on every side, is not without its effects on the religious life of the present day. It produces a species of stirring and exciting religionism which Mr. Ruskin severely, but not inaptly, describes as "gas-lighted and gas-inspired Christianity." How far may art become serviceable in counteracting these tendencies and, as the handmaid of religion, help in adorning and beautifying her mistress? And in order to this we may inquire with Mr. Ruskin, "how far in any of its agencies it has advanced the cause of the creeds it has been used to recommend." He evidently considers the functions of art to consist in producing

feelings of reverence without superstition, aiding the exercise of practical piety as the most beautiful form of godliness. He shows how realistic art, in its lower forms, does not produce this effect, addressing itself, as it does, to the vulgar desire for religious excitement; and in all this he is pre-eminently practical. He shows how for a long time, *e.g.*, the pictorial representations of Christ's Passion "occupied the sensibility of Christian women, universally, in lamenting the sufferings of Christ instead of preventing those of his people." He ridicules the "gentlemen of the embroidered robe," and reminds modern lovers of an æsthetic ritual that "the melodious chants and prismatic brightness of vitreous pictures and floral graces of deep-wrought stone "were not intended for their poor pleasure, or to serve as means for attracting 'fleshly minded persons,' " but that the artistic love of these things should not exclude practical work among human beings, and the practice of common virtues in "useful and humble trades." At the same time Ruskin admits that realistic art in its higher branches "touches the most sincere religious minds" in fixing, recalling, and symbolizing truths in a class of persons which cannot be reached by merely poetic design. He points out that though religious symbolism has not unfrequently had a mischievous influence in enabling men and women to realize as true things untrue, as in the case of representing false deities in Greek art, yet that these very representations, as the expression of perfect human form, exercised an ennobling effect on a naturally artistic people. From which it may be deduced that Mr. Ruskin does not regard the advance of art and religion as an unmixed good. This conclusion is strengthened by an allusion to another phenomenon in the history of religious art, the exhibition of a maiden's purity and maternal self-renunciation in the paintings of the Madonna, symbolizing the feminine virtues of Christianity, and thus becoming the means of softening and refining the manners

of a rude age, whilst in the encouragement of the lower forms of Mariolatry the same pictures exercised a baneful influence in retarding the progress of religious culture. But in balancing the effects of art and religion thus much may be taken for granted if we accept Ruskin's well-balanced theory that, as art has often been ennobled by religion, so by the alliance of art with religion the ideal life of man has been exalted and transfigured, and that in the same way art may still prove a vital element in revealing or recalling noble truths to the religious mind, or become the acknowledged interpreter of religious thought and feeling. Thus it happens that the severe gloom of Egyptian, compared with the sunny airiness of Greek temples, that the massive solemnity of Gothic architecture, compared with the ornate style of the later Renaissance, suggest at once the respective phases of religious thought and feeling under varying conditions as to time and place. Even the patchwork of church restoration in the nineteenth century, as compared with the solid and original work of thirteenth-century church architecture is in some way symbolical of the contrast of religious life past and present, symbolizing, so to speak, the constructive and re-constructive tendencies of two religious eras, and reflecting the wide difference existing between the mediæval and modern spirit, the one rearing, the other repairing the edifice of religious opinion in the ages of faith and doubt, respectively.

We may mention here, too, an apparent inconsistency of Mr. Ruskin's in connection with this subject, the architecture and ornamentation of places devoted to sacred purposes. In the lectures on art there are some paragraphs directed against localizing the deity in temples made with hands before "we have striven with all our hearts first to sanctify the body and spirit of every child that has no roof to cover its head from the cold, and no walls to guard its soul from corruption, in this our land." On the other hand, in the "*Lamp of Sacrifice*," though

the main portion of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" was written at a time when Mr. Ruskin was under the domination of anti-ecclesiastical ideas, he speaks thus: "I say this emphatically that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly both in domestic discomforts and incumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a humble church for every town in England, such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs." The inconsistency disappears if we note in this place that churches are regarded as national rather than ecclesiastical structures, and that it is the idolatry of sacred places at the expense of sacred human beings, and the building up of stately edifices instead of edifying humanity, which Ruskin attacks. He pronounces his severe strictures on the neglect of natural and domestic sanctities on the part of those who, in their eagerness, and at great expense, provide spiritual sanctuaries. As it often happens, in such attacks by men of strong feeling and convictions against the abuse of a thing, they unconsciously omit to do full justice to its legitimate uses. "I know," he says himself, by way of apology, in the fourth lecture, "that I gave some pain, which I was most unwilling to give, in speaking of the possible abuses of religious art; but there can be no danger, if any, so long as we remember that God inhabits villages as well as churches, and ought to be well lodged there . . . in thus putting the arts to universal use, you will find also their universal inspiration, their benediction." So far from being not practical enough in this way of subsidiary art-teaching, Mr. Ruskin is almost more practical than the most practical people themselves in his wrath against their fussy and fidgety methods of adorning religion externally, and, surrounding religious wor-

ship with a stately magnificence, he would rather see them engaged in acts of practical beneficence. "You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke than true action or passion out of your modern English religion," he says, in "Sesame and Lilies." "You had better get rid of the smoke and the organ pipes, both; leave them, and the Gothic windows, and the painted glass, to the property man; give up your carburetted hydrogen ghost in one healthy expiration, and look after Lazarus at the doorstep. For there is a true church wherever one hand meets another helpfully, and that is the only holy or Mother Church which ever was, or ever shall be." In short, he prefers holy work to holy worship, the cultivation of virtue to religious cultus. He sees the great danger of modern religion becoming simply a graceful occupation of the mind, heart, and senses, an absorption in problems that interest, in emotions that please, and in religious observances which simply delight, and in the following of which the weightier matters are omitted or neglected; in short, he is deeply impressed by a sense of danger lest a graceful religionism should serve as a substitute for practical piety. "The greatest of all the mysteries of life," he says, "and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action." This, again, we submit, is a very practical view of the matter.

We may leave here the subject of the relation of art to religion, morals, and use, and dwell in what remains of our space on the relative duties of men and women in self-culture, "social action and affection," and their common mission of life, taking here "Sesame and Lilies," perhaps the most popular of Mr. Ruskin's works, for our text. The substance of the first lecture may be described in the words of Bacon's aphorism, "Knowledge is power." Its purport is to show, besides, that companionship with the royal leaders of thought, hence the title, "King's Treasuries," is the most ennobling con-

dition of humanity. Rules are laid down accordingly for a careful selection of books, and the manner of reading them. If we cannot quite reach Mr. Ruskin's own standard of minute analysis in reading, or his curious trick of nice discernment for the multifarious shades of meaning in every single word, and even syllable, of the books of great authors, we can at least see here the practical tendency of the specialist combined with both elevation and catholicity of thought. The advice he puts into the mouth of the great teachers of mankind, as addressed to small learners: "You must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings if you would recognize our presence," is an instance illustrating the latter. And it is the absence of this higher sense, as distinguished from common sense, which no doubt prevents the best ideas from gaining currency among the literary mob, and which renders the works of Mr. Ruskin himself caviare to the mixed multitude of general readers. These lack "spiritual understanding." And to give another instance to show the practical nature of his teaching as an apostle of self-culture, like Matthew Arnold, understanding thereby literary culture as "the study of perfection" in the best authors, "Consider," he says, "all great accomplishments as means of assistance to others." Literature is not to serve the purpose of self-indulgent intellectual luxury, but to become the instrument for effecting the general good, mentally and morally.

It is needless to dwell on Mr. Ruskin's definition of the duty of men and women respectively; suffice it to quote a passage recalling some well-known lines of Schiller's "Glocke," though, if space did permit, we should much like to quote an expansion of the whole idea it conveys in the sixty-eighth paragraph of "Queen's Gardens:"—

The man's duty, as a member of the Commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the State. The woman's duty, as a mem-

ber of the Commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

It is touching to read the following words, too, on the true wife and the ministry of women, when we remember some of the sad experiences of the author of the words in his own domestic life, his ill-fated love for the beautiful Scotch lady whom he married, and the other whom he did not marry, but neither of whom were destined to be to him what he yearned after in the desire of a wife, a subject delicately skimmed over by his biographer, and which we must pass over in the same spirit:—

Wherever a true wife comes, this home is always round her. The star may be only over her head; the glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far, for those who else were homeless.

On life in general it is well to listen to the weighty words of a man like Ruskin, who, whatever his faults and heresies as an economist or art teacher may amount to, commands reverential respect when he speaks on the significance of life as a whole, and the conclusion of this book contains the gist of the matter. "Whatever our station in life may be," he says in the last chapter, headed "The Mystery of Life and its Arts," "at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty, ought first to live on as little as we can; and secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can." Thus, he thinks, the mystery of life may be solved in performing life's common duties, and by means of harmonious self-development to enrich the life of the race. It is the gospel of work by those well-furnished by self-culture that is preached here, so it is in Goethe's second part of Faust, as pointed out by the present author in a previous paper in this review, it is the religion of the cultured of the nine-



teenth century. But whatever we may think of it from a theological point of view, it is eminently practical as a theory of life. It brings again Ruskin before us as a practical teacher, and this is all we try to prove in this paper. On this "sacredness of work" he dwells in the "Crown of Wild Olive" as when he says thus, that the best grace before meat is the consciousness that we have justly earned our dinner. What he says of the crown of wild olive, the reward of our labors, is true of his own work, which is to teach a practical age how to combine what is best and most elevating in labor and leisure, both being "serviceable for the life that now is ; nor, it may be, without promise of that which is to come." Throughout these voluminous writings we shall find the same lesson taught, the importance of practical every-day duty, and the importance, too, whilst keeping to the firm ground of the real, never to lose sight of the deeper significance of life and its aims, its final goal. The useful arts of life, the ideal arts of the higher life, all human effort, in practical appliances and moral aspirings, religious inspiration and striving after spiritual excellence, in the opinion of Ruskin, serve the purpose, singly and collectively, of discipline for some distinctive good, making the increase of healthy life and development in the individual subservient to the progress and well-being finally of the race. For in spite of many melancholy and desponding utterances, Mr. Ruskin is all the time inspired "by a solemn faith in the advancing power of human nature," and "in the promise, however dimly apprehended, that the mortal part of it would one day be swallowed up in immortality." A complete solution of the enigmas of life we must not expect from him. New questions rise at every turn, demanding a practical reply which is not always forthcoming. To what extent the refinements of art and culture incapacitate man for the rough encounters of daily competition, how far in quickening the finer sensibilities of man we may weaken his moral fibre, and how

much will-force may be sacrificed in the excessive development of our receptive and æsthetic faculties ; how we may maintain a right balance between active energy and passive enjoyment—these are some of the practical questions which are suggested here, but not answered. Mr. Ruskin does not profess to answer them fully or finally. But we owe much to him for suggesting them, and stimulating inquiry in order to their ultimate elucidation and solution. He has done so effectually by the freshness of his treatment, the simplicity of his statements, the clearness of his reasoning, the fervid earnestness, scholarly integrity, and enticing truthfulness in style and treatment. In the pursuit of high aims and a noble purpose in life, he has helped as few have done in this practical age in transforming the common into the divine by the force of commanding genius, the rhythmical cadence of his inimitable word music, itself, becoming symbolical of the chief endeavor of his life and work, to resolve the discordant tones of modern life into something approaching to harmonious unity. M. KAUFMANN.

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From All The Year Round.  
THE MILL OF MINNONY.

A COMPLETE STORY.

THE Mill of Minnony existed only in name. It once had done work, and characteristic traces were left. The old wheel at the corner stood half dilapidated and wholly picturesque. On windy nights it creaked and moved fearfully round, but for the most part it realized that its part was played. The mill-lade that led to it was rotten, and the mill-pond that fed the stream was drained, and grew weeds, and flowers, and rushes instead of providing water for the mill.

The banks at each side were a tangle of honeysuckle, and the meadowsweet and the buttercups alternated and succeeded each other every season. The Mill House was a house of angles, red-tiled, and apparently thrown against the mill-wheel. On the top a rusty

weathercock creaked and groaned. Rats ran over the tumbled-in granary floor with an hereditary instinct of the fitness of things.

Behind the house was a steep brae. It was a brae of early primroses, straggly briar trees, and long trails of bramble. It was fringed by weeping birches, and the river ran below it and skirted the old mill-dam.

At the top of the hill stretched a line of Scotch firs. The evening glow shone through the trees, sometimes yellow, sometimes red. The fir-trees stood dark and straight, even when the mist rose off the water merging everything into a hazy general "value" of grey atmosphere.

Joan MacLeod stood at the little window of the mill-kitchen on one of these evenings. A crescent moon was in the sky. It appeared to hang in the grey mist. She turned a penny in her pocket, as she looked mechanically out, and thought of a wish.

"Dinna ye, lass," said her mother sharply from the fireside. "Things gang wrang o' themsel's wi'oot fairly temp'in' Providence yon wye."

"Which wye?" said the girl, still staring out of the window.

"Yon's the new meen, and ye are looking at her thro' glass," said the old woman severely. "Ye winna get your wush, and ill may happen o' it."

The girl laughed.

"It disna mak'," she said. "It wisna muckle o' a wush, ony wye."

"Had it to do wi' George?"

The old woman asked it sharply. She was a withered old woman, with sharp features and bright eyes. Her grey hair was tucked away under a white cap. A shawl was pinned across her shoulders. She wore a stuff apron over her short woollen skirt.

"Ye mark my words," she repeated impressively. "Ill wull come o' it. I woulдна trust ony man."

Joan smiled in reply. She was used to the pessimistic utterances of her mother. "Ye are aye hintin' at that, nither," said Joan lightly. "And if onything is gaun to happen, it'll come wi'oot sic nonsense."

"I woulдна promise," said the old woman obstinately. "I hae a notion o' making things siccar, and nae de-leeborately trying to upset them. Life is gey chancey." She shook her head, and added: "And George is but a man."

Joan turned from the window and sat opposite her mother on the oak settle by the fire. She knitted placidly. The old woman rambled on.

"Your feyther often tell't me if it hadna been for me he wud niver have thocht o' me. I pit the notion into his heed, and syne I keepit it there. Noo, it's this and it's that, and I tell ye it disna dee. I dinna haud wi' notions o' that sort, and it's time ye tell't George to sattle things."

The girl looked up.

"I winna," she said. Her tone had the sharp, incisive ring of determination. It cowed the old woman for a moment.

"Weel, Joan, gang your ain gait. Mony hae deen that afore you, and found themselves left. I hope it winna be too late, or that I'll hae the satisfaction o' seein' my words proven."

There was silence after that. Old Mrs. MacLeod deftly wove colored scraps of material into a mat. Grey double dahlias and magenta roses grew out of the remnants of flannel and stuffs, surrounded by lesser flowers of nondescript hues.

"It's gey lonely here," she said, with a sigh.

"If ye wad stir yersel', Joan, it wad be better."

Joan looked up from her knitting placidly.

"It's nae different to general," she said, and went back to her stocking. Her mother snorted.

"And ye are as happy there, and wad be, if ye were gaun to sit there and knit a' your life. It niver seems to strike ye that we twa lonesome bodies here might be murdered in oor beds ony nicht, and naeboddy ken for days. It wad be different if there was a man aboot. It wad be mair shortsome, and the mull might be set a-going again. In your feyther's time there was aye

cairts o' corn coming, and the mull aye grinding, grinding, and the watter splashing. Yon was living."

It was a time-worn complaint. Joan had grown callous to it. The past glories of the mill did not appeal to her. She was perfectly happy with her life as it was. This was a particular grievance of her mother's. Another was Joan's plainness. Joan was a tall woman, with strong, vigorous features and limbs. She had a low brow, with black hair which grew off it; steadfast brown eyes, a straight nose, and a large mouth. She was absolutely colorless. The neighbors agreed with Mrs. MacLeod that her daughter was regrettably plain. Joan was singularly free from vanity. She never troubled to consider her looks.

"I ken thinkin' on't winna add or tak' a cubit from oor stature."

Mrs. MacLeod was wont to say impressively:—

"But it wad dee a lot to mend matters. It's only a weel-faured face can dee wi'oot thinking. And a new hat dis wurk wonders."

It had been a great surprise to Mrs. MacLeod to find that Joan had found favor in any man's sight. The fact of her engagement to George Alexander had given Joan's mother endless subject matter to reflect on. George was a sort of connection of their own. He had knocked about in Australia several years, and had come back at twenty-eight with an affectation of indifference towards his native land—the result of thirsting for it every day of his absence. He had returned in late summer when the barley harvest was in full swing. George had sauntered into the field. Joan was among the gatherers. Her hair was gathered up into a big knot tightly twisted up behind. Her sun-bonnet had fallen off. Her sleeves were turned up; she looked a strong, capable woman. She stood apart, resting for a moment. The sun shone in its full force; the heavy "swish" of the ripe yellow barley as it fell, formed a framework to her as she stood there. George stood idly looking at the reapers; they threw

jest to him, and laughed as they moved down the field. Joan alone said nothing. She smiled at him as she passed. Her smile set him thinking. He still stood there, for a momentary glimpse of an ideal had come to him. It was one of those moments that come at least once in a man's life. It was a touch of the home atmosphere, the simple labor, the sunshine, and a woman's smile that prompted it. It did not last long, but out of it grew an idea that dominated three lives.

"They're gey abin' the times here," was what he said, and he sauntered off the field.

The result of the idea was that several weeks after George had asked Joan to marry him. She had said yes quite simply, and matters had remained like this for about eighteen months. George and Joan both showed a philosophical calm about their engagement. Old Mrs. MacLeod was the only one who agitated over the matter at all. She began to be afraid that left to themselves they would drift apart, and that Joan would do nothing to prevent it.

One evening George came in after Joan had been peculiarly aggravating on the subject of their marriage.

"It's a fine nicht," he said, as he sat down and looked at the fire.

Joan nodded. Mrs. MacLeod tossed her head and coughed. It did not occur to either of the others that a reply was necessary, so this passed unnoticed. Mrs. MacLeod coughed again a little louder.

"It's nae wonner ye hae a cauld," said George affably, "wi' a climate like this."

This was too much for Mrs. MacLeod.

"Cauld, indeed; I nivver was better in my life. Fat I meant was if a 'fine nicht' wis a' ye had to say, there wisna muckle ees o' ye coming to say it."

George stared. Joan looked up quickly.

"Ay, I mean it, and I hae meant it some time," continued Mrs. MacLeod. She had made her start, and she was

determined to have her say. "I hae nae wush to meddle, and ye needna heed me; but I wad like, George, to ken if ye mean to marry my dother Joan?"

The old woman shut her mouth and looked at the young man. It was an opportunity she had been thirsting for, and she meant to carry it to the end. George and Joan both looked at her; they were both too astonished to say anything.

"Div ye, George Alexander?" asked Mrs. MacLeod. Her voice rose shrilly.

"I had thoct o't," said George slowly.

"Had thoct o't!" repeated Mrs. MacLeod. This time she fairly shrieked. "And ye sit there and say that to my face?"

"I didna say I wisna still thinking o't," retorted George. The idea that it was possible to break his word struck him tangibly for the first time. He repeated more firmly, "Na, I'll stick to my word."

"Hoots," said old Mrs. MacLeod, in a more modified key. "Then mebbe ye wad like to gie a little proof. Words are fine enough, but they winna marry Joan; and it's nae likely she'll ever hae anither chance."

George laughed.

"I'm nae a man to gang back frae my word," he said loftily. He began to feel pleased with the sacrifice he was making as he glanced at Joan, who was sitting up with a face as determined and set as her mother's. She certainly looked rather a forbidding woman. Her hands were clenched, her lips compressed, her eyes were hard.

"Your mither is richt," said George. He spoke cheerfully, for he felt distinctly pleased with himself.

Joan had sat silent, and there was a moment's pause after George stopped speaking. Suddenly she rose. She had guessed the fact with a woman's intuition. Her knowledge of life came to her through her lover's careless tones. She grasped the truth at once, as only a strong type of woman can.

"There's nae need for ye to keep your word, George," she said. There was a defiant ring in her voice, otherwise it was hard and expressionless.

"I dinna want it."

"Lord's sake, dinna be sich a fule," gasped her mother. "Ye shouldna play wi' men. They are aye kittle, and ye nivver ken."

George stared good-humoredly; then he laughed. The idea seemed to him preposterous.

"Weel, weel, Joan, we winna quarrel; we'll fix the day instead."

"I'm no seeking to quarrel," replied Joan doggedly, "an' I'm nae joking."

"Mercy!" breathed Mrs. MacLeod. She looked anxiously at her daughter, and repeated in a loud whisper, "Dinna, I tell ye. He'll tak' ye at your word, maybe."

Joan sat down. Her features had relaxed, but there was still an air of determination about her. George fidgeted uneasily. The old woman kept up a steady murmur of remonstrance.

"There's nae need to say more," said Joan sharply. "A'boddy mak's mistaks at times. George and I hae made een. I hae made up my mind noo, and George is free."

"And if he heeds a silly lass like you," put in her mother hastily, "he's a puir thing."

Then she began to cry, for George was silent.

"Mebbe ye dinna want her," she said suddenly, her tears vanishing. "Mebbe ye'd rather hae somebody else younger and bonnier? There's Janet McLaren; she'll be glad enough to tak' ye."

She spoke at George, but she glared at Joan. She felt rightly enough this was her biggest obstacle.

"If Joan's nae willin', I'm nae gaun to force her to it," he began slowly.

"It's a' ower," said Joan. "There hisna been much, noo there's naething ava'."

Joan got her way. To George it was partly a relief. Joan found it made more difference in her life than she had imagined. She had thought she

would go back to the old placid life, and resume her normal condition, but she discovered that this was not possible. Broken ends of life are not easily joined, and it began to dawn on her that there was a gap in her life. There was a restlessness and a nameless longing for something, an undefinable feeling that she had loved George, and had not known it till she lost him. It began to haunt her when she heard that George had taken her mother's chance advice about Janet McLaren. So every one said, at least, and Joan knew that, if it was true, life lay dreary before her.

"Deed, it's nae wunner he should be ta'en," said Mrs. MacLeod. "It's no that she's bouny. That aleen disna dee it, but she lats him see she thinks a hantle o' him. Noo it's a new goon, and syne it's a hat, and it's a' for him, and he kens it. Sich wicked extravagant folly. I wush, Joan, ye'd stir yoursel' and dee mair that wye. Ye might get him back. The mull is worth his while. That wad aye coont agenst yon lass's chances."

Joan heeded none of it. She outwardly pursued her placid way. Inwardly she was consumed by a fire of jealousy. No one knew, and the days went on. The tale of the broken engagement was an old story, and the new one, though not openly announced, was accepted as a tacit fact by Joan and her mother. Janet McLaren admitted that George had not said anything about the wedding day.

"But I'm nae carin'," she said gaily. "I'm no prood to come after you, Joan, and I'll hae mair sense to keep him."

"There's naeboddy blamin' you for that," said Mrs. MacLeod.

She admired success.

"There's naeboddy could hae less sense than Joan, unless mebbe it's George," she added, to keep the balance even.

Joan sat through these conversations quietly. Once she broke through her reserve.

"Has George tell't you in words he lo'es you?" she asked Janet.

Janet blushed and frowned.

"I dinna ken," she said. "But he's aye comin' and comin', and he kens fat a' folk are sayin'."

Joan sighed. At the same time she felt that she would rather die than change the course of events by a single word or action. There are things in this world that have to be, that must exist, and we know it, and though we know it is in our power to change the surface of these things we dare not.

The nights turned frosty as the winter closed in. It seemed to her that the wind rose at night and moaned as it had never done before. The old weathercock creaked more fitfully, and the rats scampered about at nights. She heard above these sounds the rush of the little river, swollen by the rains and the melting of the snow up in the distant hills where it took its rise.

She looked out one night as she was going to bed. She shivered as a gust swept round the house. Then a silence came.

"It's a fearfu' night," she said hastily. "I hope nae one is oot in the storm."

She was shutting the door when a sound struck her ear. It seemed a wail. She stood still to listen, but it did not come again. "Joan!" it had seemed to her to come floating through the storm. For a long time she stood waiting apprehensively. Her heart beat at the unexplained feeling of suspense and fear.

"If it wis a human voice it'll cry again," she said, to still her own fears.

Nothing came. The wind swept round the gables with shrill moans and cries.

"It was the wind," she said, and she shut the door.

In the night she woke. The same sense of apprehension seized her, and a feeling of dull reality came to her. "Joan!" the voice seemed to wail. It had a human ring about it, to her excited mind.

"God forgie me if it was a voice," she murmured, "for noo it's a spirit's voice that's crying. I couldna hear ony one in this storm."



She got up and dressed. Her room was up-stairs, her mother slept in the box-bed built into the wall in the little kitchen. Softly and quietly she groped her way down, and got the lanthorn. She opened the door softly and stepped out. Her teeth chattered and her heart sank.

"I'm too late," she kept saying.

Still she kept on. The conviction was forced upon her that she had not been dreaming, that some one had sought her aid. She tramped up and down the path; the wind met her, and nearly whirled her off her feet. There was no sign of anything.

"The bridge has gone," she said suddenly, as a gleam of light showed her a dark mass of woodwork which had floated down the river. "They aye said it wad the last five or sax winters, and noo it's fairly gone." She lifted her voice and shouted. No answer came. Gradually her fears subsided. She even laughed at her own exaggerated fears. "I winna tell ony soul fat I hae deen this nicht," she said, as she shut the door and crept back to her room. She woke in the morning with a strange feeling of dread. By degrees the night's occurrence came back to her. Outside all was still and bright. She felt the same instinctive feeling that a tragedy had happened, which she had had it in her power to avert. She went about all day with a dull foreboding at her heart.

That afternoon she realized the truth. There was a tramp of feet past the window.

"Fat's yon?" asked Mrs. MacLeod eagerly. "Rin oot and see, Joan."

Joan sat still and fixed. Her breath came in short little gasps.

"I canna, mither. Bide a wee."

The old woman hobbled to the door and opened it.

"Fat's the stir?" she called shrilly.

George Alexander left the little group that were passing the "gale" end of the cottage.

"There's been an accident," he said solemnly. "Last nicht, after gloaming, Janet McLaren was coming hame

frae her sister's. She was drooned in the river. The path's aye slippy, and, beside, the auld bridge has gone."

He passed on, and the thud of the footsteps died away.

Mrs. MacLeod stood silenced in the presence of death. Over her shoulders Joan gazed.

"Joan! Joan! Joan!" the air seemed full of her own name. "Joan, save me!"

She had let it pass unheeded. Her rival was dead, drowned in the thirsty river beside the old mill-dam.

Neither woman spoke all that evening. Later on, her mother said simply: "I'm glad ye didna try and win him back. Lass, it's a heavy hairt ye'd have had this nicht if ye'd done so."

"Eh, mither," said Joan, "it's heavier than ye ken."

She put her arms on the table, and laid her head on them.

The days passed somehow. Joan carried the weight with her. She felt as if her life would never end. It seemed to her that the grass was scarcely green on Janet's grave when George Alexander asked her a second time to be his wife. It came about unexpectedly, and in the matter-of-fact way in which crises in people's lives usually do come.

Joan was seated in the fir wood, looking down on the hollow beneath, where the mill stood. A big heron sailed slowly down the valley; the bees hummed in the heather at her feet; a dragon-fly flitted about. The bracken had already begun to be tinted with yellow, though the summer was not yet over.

"Weel, Joan," said George Alexander. She started suddenly. "I was in yon field, and I watched you up the brae; I came after you."

The past months had told upon Joan. She had grey hairs, and there were little lines round her eyes. Her mouth had taken a little tremulous droop. Altogether there was more womanliness about her looks.

"We niver seem to meet noo," said George Alexander.

He was looking at her, curiously re-

minded of the day he had first seen her in the harvest field.

"I hae long wished to see you," said Joan simply; "I hae something to tell ye—and I canna!" she almost wailed.

An inspiration seized George. He leaned forward.

"Are ye seeking to tell me ye liked me better than ye kenned?" he asked, smiling.

Joan drew back hastily.

"Na, na," she said, "anything but that. Lat her hae it a' still, George, for she's deid."

"Fat div ye mean?" asked George stupidly.

"It's Janet," said Joan simply. "I hae deen her enough hairm. I lat her dee."

George still stared. Joan repeated the episode of that terrible night. Her face was set and stern.

"Puir thing!" said George pityingly. "Puir thing!"

This time he took one of Joan's cold, unresisting hands.

"Ye couldna ken, Joan. And things are ta'en oot o' cor hands files."

It was George's first attempt at philosophy, and it did not soothe Joan.

"And sae I hear her crying on me a' the time," she said simply, as if it was an ordinary fact she was stating.

"And ye hiv borne the weary weight a' the time, Joan, and tell't naeboddy?"

"Naeboddy," said Joan briefly. "I hae wushed to tell you, but I was feared ye'd cast it at me, and I couldna bear that, George."

"I hae no richt to cast it at you, Joan," said George solemnly.

"She was your sweethairt," said Joan.

She put her head down and moaned.

"Na," said George solemnly, "I niver had ane. Nane, except yersel', Joan."

"Folk said you were hers," said Joan, lifting her head, "and ye were aye there."

Somehow a little of the weary burden seemed lifted.

"Aye," said George.

Then he gave a nervous sort of laugh.

"I wisna gaun to be peetied by a' boddy."

"Then she had nane o' your love," said Joan solemnly.

"Ye hiv it a', Joan, tho' I didna ken afore."

Joan put up her hand.

"George, dinna say that."

"But I maun; I love ye, Joan. Will ye be my wife?"

"Niver, niver, George Alexander," she answered at length. "I couldna; I should hear her voice crying 'Joan,' and I wad feel I had stolen you frae her."

"That's nonsense," said the man sharply. "I niver lo'ed her."

"Then it's a' the worse," said Joan, with true woman's logic.

She felt that somehow reparation must be paid to the dead—at whatever cost and sacrifice to the living. In vain George reasoned, Joan kept to her point.

"I couldna be happy, George. It wouldna be richt."

He lost his temper at last.

"Weel, there's nae mair to be said."

They rose up out of the heather. The sun had begun to go down behind the fir-trees. Joan gave a little shiver.

It was not many weeks after this that George and she met again.

"I'm aff to Australia, Joan," he said sullenly.

Nothing had happened in the interval to shake the moral force of Joan's arguments. She started.

"Must ye gang, George?" she asked softly.

George was still angry with her foolish woman's insistence, but his wrath suddenly melted. He looked at her downcast eyes and trembling mouth.

"Not if ye bid me stay, Joan."

The river still flowed on in its old course. The fir-trees stood straight and dark at the top of the brae. But the brae was ploughed up and grew golden corn, and the old mill-dam was filled with water instead of the tangle of reeds and flowers. And all day the

mill-wheel splashed cheerily round. The ghost of Joan's past was laid, merged into the happiness of her life.

"I aye said things were in the Lord's hands," said Mrs. MacLeod piously. "And noo the mull is staired aince mair I ken it."

From Temple Bar.

LOUISA, MARCHIONESS OF WATERFORD.

A SKETCH.

ACQUAINTANCESHIP is various, and the sudden turn of events may often make a slight friendship more picturesque than one of constant habit. Sometimes, indeed, it is the very fact of meetings being few and far between that gives them shape and color. They outline themselves in distance, and take a deeper and more luminous dye. Such isolation was not needed to give form or tone to interviews with Lady Waterford; rather would constant meetings with her have given zest to every day. But perhaps it is because I saw her seldom, and in such contrasted scenes, that I retain my impressions of her so unmixed and so unique.

I first heard much of her from Mrs. Sartoris, who had the faculty of making interesting any personality she described. And in this glorious personality she had full scope. I well remember looking at a drawing of Lady Waterford's with her, and being deeply stirred by its depth and power. She read me some letters of hers, full of sensibility and humor, and described her beauty, her wisdom, her genius, her loveliness of mind, in words I have often recollected since. Years afterwards she wrote: "She was the most enchantingly beautiful woman I ever saw when she was young.<sup>1</sup> I find again the innocence of her eyes."

It happened that on leaving Warsash, I was at Bournemouth during many weeks of illness, and Mrs. Sartoris then wrote to Lady Waterford, who invited

me to Highcliffe. I was unable to go, and unable to see her; but she sent me books, flowers, notes—all I suppose brought over from the castle by a special messenger. They were delivered unstamped, and with a large black seal. She was, I remember, particularly anxious that I should see the library. This was in 1877. By and by, continuing ill at Bournemouth, I went to London and settled in for some home-keeping years of invalidism. And I suppose it was not till 1879, that, on receiving a message from her, I was able at last to go and make her acquaintance personally during one of her short stays in town, in the spring.

She was at Claridge's Hotel, and the huge, bare sitting-room to which I was conducted made a strange contrast to the fulness and comfort of my own constantly inhabited rooms. It was like a long, empty stage, this double sitting-room, which went right through the hotel; a sort of ambassadorial saloon with two writing-tables, one in the middle of each apartment, holding portfolios and tall candles; no furniture but a few chairs and chintz sofas, and these of that rather nondescript period, the first age of hotels in London.

I sat some little time in the back room, thinking it the most desolate scene, like the *décor* of the last act of a French comedy in which the heroine has got to die, after writing some letter of penitence or farewell at one of the stage writing-tables; presently the further door opened, and as I stood up to meet her, Lady Waterford came towards me down the full length of the room. I have never seen anything so majestic as her carriage; she was tall, rather short-waisted, with long limbs like a statue's. The placing of her head, the shape of it, the peculiar headdress of thick plaits which wreathed it and made a sort of halo at the back; the whole was different from any modern woman's style. It was Byzantine, classic, splendid. Boehm's statue of her at Highcliffe Castle—

From loving hearts to one of love most worthy,

<sup>1</sup> One gathers from Mr. Hare's "Story of Two Noble Lives" that she was the real star of the Eglinton tournament, eclipsing even Lady Seymour, though, as a girl, out of competition.

gives you the grand manner, the majestic scale, the beautiful proportions, the halo of hair ; what it does not give is the transparent purity of gaze—exchanged in the statue for a look of almost celestial seriousness—and, in odd contrast to that, the something artificial there was about her personal charm, as if for all her pride she would be wilfully attractive. This touch of artificial, which she never omitted, and which was perhaps more due to an artist's habit than to vanity—really as if her mind took pains to present her bodily beauty as completely as possible—was the first thing that struck me about her, and completed the stage effect ; so Daniel Deronda's mother might have looked ; with just such a gesture—by no means not spontaneous, but spontaneously, not accidentally, beautiful—she might have held out her arms in welcome : “So this is really you at last !”

We sat down and talked long that afternoon ; and all the time I recollect how she sat facing the window, unlike the majority of ladies, however natural, as if she had the habit of letting the light illuminate her beauty, which it did illuminate, though it lit up the signs of age as well, and the furrows in the low alabaster brow, over which the hair waved in such sculpturable masses. She sat on a high, plain chair too ; absolutely, there was nothing accessory in the room, not a palm, not a curtain, not a curved or decorated seat. The whole picture was herself—very plainly dressed in black ; one has seen sometimes beauty with an equally discrepant background, in the waiting-room, say, of a country railway station. I sat on a lower seat—one of the chintz sofas—and looked rather up into her face ; it was like the face of a Virgin in a shrine, I thought ; waxen, faded, restored even ; but it had been always—it always would be—beautiful beyond any possibility of comparison with meaner things. Utterly noble, from bone to bloom ; the sorrows it would know were never sordid ; they would be only the sorrows of high aims, of earnest thoughts, of deep reli-

gious care ; from babyhood to death, such a face, however used, must be fair ; must be, almost, a type for beauty and high-mindedness, for the charity that has known grief :—

Love doth to her eyes repair,  
one felt, with the line that concludes the famous verse,

And, being helped, inhabits there.

Her throat, her hands, her arms, were as beautiful as lilies in a funeral wreath, for her whole aspect was one of sadness and calm.<sup>1</sup>

We spoke mostly of artistic matters : of health, no doubt, first, and London, to which she had so extreme a dislike, but of which she promised to think more kindly when I praised its climate for what it had done in my case ; of Mrs. Sartoris and her singing, of picture exhibitions, of painters—their general want of thought, and carelessness of any ideal to start with. “There are so many things I want to paint,” she said, and told me some of them.

The two that impressed me most were these : first, a picture to be painted in two compartments—“Let not him that putteth on his armor boast himself with him that taketh it off”—one, a young man fastening on his casque and breastplate, to have a look of hope and wonder ; and the other an old man, battered and weary, unfastening the buckles of his dinted coat of mail, in the exaltation of death—life proudly, loyally spent. I believe she painted, or at least sketched out, this latter (I seem to recollect it at Lady Brownlow's), but was dissatisfied with her own technical knowledge. And then “The Sower,” which she certainly painted afterwards, again and again, with even more than her usual success : the lonely figure, traversing waste places in eager movement, the birds of the air behind him. It was while speaking on this subject, and the inspiration in a single word, that Lady Wa-

<sup>1</sup> In reference to heredity and Lady Waterford's Madonna beauty, I have often heard it said that Lady Stuart—herself unbeautiful—had passed whole hours absorbed in gazing at the most exquisite masterpieces of art—in the Louvre, perhaps—before her daughter's birth.

terford told me that one of her ideals of a "happy time" which she had "never yet managed to get," was to gather together a certain number of painters at Highcliffe or Ford, for each to treat the same subjects as nobly and under as favorable circumstances and surroundings as might be. "Oh! the Sower," she said, "there are a hundred beautiful pictures to be made of it,"<sup>1</sup> and we discussed who should be of this ideal party, what the subjects should be, and how they would be likely to treat them. Our fancy had no restrictions of likelihood. She expressed herself very fervently on many artistic topics. One thing of which she seemed to have an extreme abhorrence was humorous art; she spoke of certain little sketches in *Punch* — I think they were there — as the most hateful things she had ever seen. Their grotesque and silly punning, their wilful perplexity and teasing point of view seemed to hurt her, to cause her a physical pain, which made her indignant and impatient. "I really can't bear them," she said.<sup>2</sup> Years after I heard a similar expression of opinion on the subject from "E. V. B.," — her "Dearest Playmate" — Lady Waterford's sole rival in the "beautiful" as opposed to the naturalistic or the grotesque treatment of things, at her home of Huntercombe.

Presently we were interrupted, for her few days in town were filled up hour by hour. I forget who was announced, but I know that I left her, pledged to go to Highcliffe whenever I

was near; and that, with the exception of two meetings in London later on, one at Lady Carew's, and one at some great evening party, at which her somewhat old-fashioned style of dress seemed to detract from her beauty, I never saw her again in town. I kept that first impression like an unset pearl. We wrote occasionally.

It was but a few years ago that I chanced at last to be visiting in the immediate neighborhood of Highcliffe; and on arriving at my friend's house, the first thing I saw was a fine portrait print of Lady Waterford in the hall; the head in profile crowned with the great plaits of hair. This led to speech about her, and I was delighted to discover that Highcliffe was the very next place along the coast, within three-quarters of a mile. Next day I went over there and left my card. Her note, in immediate answer, was most characteristic: it invited me to dine the following day, and spend the third day wholly at her house, "but not to come on the day between, as I have tiresome engagements." This anxiety to arrange — an impatient system — was very characteristic of her.

I found her surrounded by her neighbors and relations as well as the rector of Highcliffe and his wife, for, rather to my regret, it was a dinner-party of some magnitude.<sup>3</sup> Of the dinner-party itself I recollect very little. There were the Stuarts, her cousins, neighbors at Hoburne, charming old people, both since dead. Lady Waterford, I remember, drank only water; and we had an excellent blackberry ice, as beautiful as the color in some of her own pictures, purple and violet and red and black it was, all shoaling together in a magnificent way; she was greatly amused at my appreciation of it, and had the recipe for it brought to her, and wrote it out for me herself. In Scotland, later on, friends telegraphed for blackberries from England, to try it.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. in the "Story of Two Noble Lives," where, writing to Mrs. Bernal Osborne, she says of Mrs. Southey's poem, "The Pauper's Death-bed" — "that would be such a subject for a picture — a mine for expression." Frank Dicksee was to be one of our painters; she admired his work greatly. It was curious that I should meet him afterwards at Highcliffe, during Mr. Aird's tenancy of the castle.

<sup>2</sup> It is just possible this was at Highcliffe later. But the general dislike to humorous art was expressed in this interview, in relation to something current at the time. Lady Waterford always hated slang, cf. in Mr. Hare's book, vol. ii., p. 479, "Ruskin mentions having got Lady Waterford's 'Charity Girl' to look at — 'she's stunning.' I told her this, and she hates the word so much, she would infinitely have preferred abuse," — in a letter of her mother's.

<sup>3</sup> My diary says, September 12, 1890. "Dined at Highcliffe: the Stuarts, Dudley Ryders, Maberleys, Lady Albinia Pye, Miss Thompson, Prosser, Creighton, Captain (?) etc."



She looked most beautiful. Her old-fashioned style of evening dress, rather short-waisted always, though the dress was cut low at the neck, seemed to suit the splendid rooms at Highcliffe exactly, though it had been out of place in London. We assembled in the round drawing-room, but she moved through the great saloon with the pink tapestries, the carved doors and old French furniture, to show it to me, taking fresh delight in all my interest. I did not find her greatly changed; she laughed more, shook with laughter once or twice, almost as if it weakened her.<sup>1</sup> But of her attitudes I really recall only one, which was singularly splendid and regal. The carriages of some of us were announced, my host<sup>2</sup> having kindly sent his for me, and, as the first leavers moved to go, she walked to the door of the drawing-room and stood there to say good-bye, thus practically dismissing all the rest. One couple afterwards in the hall said, "But our carriage has not yet come." I left them standing under the marble statue in the hall, which seemed then no prouder or calmer than its original!

The recollection of the evening, excepting as happy, has faded, but the third day which I spent altogether at Highcliffe I recollect with the deepest interest; the walk thither, along the lovely cliff<sup>3</sup> and in at the little gate, where an old lodge is made of a ship reputed there, but wrongly, to have brought the ancient stones of Andelys

to Highcliffe Castle; the evergreen walks above the sea; the glorious house — fantastic as a dream made stone — with its great entrance seen before only dimly in the evening dusk: the cordial welcome, the charming luncheon, the long afternoon of delight; it all comes back to me unspoiled, but with the one regret that we made no music, as we had previously promised ourselves and each other we would do. Her cousin, Lady Albinia Pye, was there, and two or three besides.

After luncheon Lady Waterford went away to her bedroom to write letters; afterwards I saw that room, with its great window over the magnolias. It was of a simplicity and purity indescribable; it seemed to say "rest and pray." The bed hangings, the china, all were patterned with lilies of the valley; a chintz and china made before the conventionalizing era, reproducing the pretty flower with its green leaves exactly, over and over. In Ruskin's Oxford bedroom he had just such a chintz, with violets in their darker leaves. "It is," he said to me, "the only absolutely and entirely perfect portrait of a violet I have ever seen, showing the modest assurance of the flower; it is not true that the violet hangs its head; it is half hidden by its leaves, but it looks up. It can't be repeated too often." It is not strange that Ruskin and Lady Waterford should both have liked the same sort of flower-portrait; but both likings were a great compliment to the designer, and in each case the preference was very typical.

The room is long, and the writing-table was set at the foot of the bed, back to the light, and far from it. At this Lady Waterford wrote, seated on an ottoman (with no back to it), and all the time she wrote she was against the chintz lilies of the valley, on which the afternoon sun would still be shining. No wonder that her letters were so pure and sweet and fresh, when she raised her beautiful eyes from her writing, and looked into the lilies. Meantime with another guest I wandered all over the house, up-stairs and down-stairs, and everywhere but in "my

<sup>1</sup> I forget what amused us, but I remember we had an interesting talk about some of the names of places in the neighborhood, among others Bure Hommage and Hinton Admiral, where the station for Highcliffe is; and there was some one there whose wild guesses at philology were very funny. "Bure Hommage" is a name derived from some tribute," Lady Waterford said, "the French *homage* — but what can Bure have come from?" "It's the French for butter," said the aspiring philologist; "perhaps it was a tribute of butter?" "I suppose Hinton Admiral is *Hinton Admirabilis*!" I said; "it's such a lovely name for a place, like one of Thomas Hardy's." "Or perhaps there really was an *Admiral Hinton*," he suggested. (Enough of that! as Carlyle might have added.)

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hamilton Fletcher, who then rented Capethorne, and has since become the owner of Elmhurst, at that time Lord Bury's.

<sup>3</sup> Where her name still stands to a roadside order.

lady's chamber." Curious rooms hung with Indian or Japanese designs, where royalties have slept, rooms that Napoleon had used, and Maréchal Ney, one whole suite down-stairs lined with Aubusson carpets and rugs with N (for the latter) in a wreath of laurels. In these rooms were Napoleon's chairs, the arms curving like ram's horns into snuff-holders, and all explained by a label in Lady Waterford's own writing underneath, which we turned up the venerable chairs to see. Mr. Hare best describes all these treasures.

In the famous oriel room, brought wholly by Lord Stuart de Rothesay from the château of Andelys—in fact, the very room where Antoyne de Bourbon, the king of Navarre, died in 1563—there stands the bed she slept in as a girl; an ancient piece of delicate furniture, set aside once even by her as old-fashioned, but now brought back again by the turn of taste as something most highly to be prized. Another room, hung with light blue and white lace, is as it was prepared for Lady Canning's honeymoon. We climbed the tower and went out on the roof of it among the chimneys to see the wide, square view, unsurpassable, of sea and land; most free—fortunately for my own liking—from the ordinary, map-like vagueness of views from a higher vantage point. This is not the place to describe Highcliffe Castle;<sup>1</sup> it stands among its evergreens with Latin lines carved in stone along the parapet:—

Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora  
ventis

E terrâ longum alterius spectare laborem,  
above the interpolated portions of the ancient château; and out of its girdle of flower gardens, marble fountains, and tree-magnolias, looks across the sward from its down over the sea, to the Isle of Wight, between it and which the older Highcliffe lies long since buried in the encroaching tide. To keep the sea at all at bay is always the problem at Highcliffe; and one bedroom at the castle is interesting as filled with views

of the old house now sunk beneath the waters; it was a house of less pretensions. When we returned to the big hall, with its rather violent stained glass windows and its beautiful mellow tapestries, against one of which, representing all sorts of strange birds and animals, the statue stands, Lady Waterford herself joined us from the round drawing-room,<sup>2</sup> and after a few minutes, carried me off "for a long talk," to the library adjoining, which I had so desired to see. It is a room like a gallery, with books all round it and a little platform and handrail running among them, to which you enter from above. The longer part of it, which is narrower than the ante-room, is separated by curious curtains, most brilliant in color, made of no less rare a material than painted chicken-skin, all carefully transferred on to wadded cloth. There are cabinets with brass lattice-work, and cupboards containing albums of priceless treasures—her own drawings and Lady Canning's, which are of a marvellous touch and painstaking—Indian scenes—in portfolios and scrap-books among them. In the ante-room I recollect rich, painted glass in the window, not throughout, but stud-ding it like jewels; fine carved oak cabinets; one or two curious chairs in wood or inlaid ivory; and much very beautiful china. There are some rare groups in white Sèvres at Highcliffe.

At the furthest window of the gallery end there stands, or stood then, a plain table at angles to the window, fronting a round Luca Della Robbia Madonna in blue and white clay. At this table, just as the autumn sun was

<sup>2</sup> One of the magnificent effective things at Highcliffe is a passage view you can get by opening the doors of the round drawing-room and the hall, as well as the doors of the great drawing-room and winter garden. Then, standing in the winter garden, among the palms and flowering plants, and near the little shrine over the fountain amid the ferns, one can look straight through the noble rooms, hung with their crystal chandeliers, on down the long hall, out at the door, under the vast Gothic arch of the *porte cochère*, and up an avenue of evergreens to a font at the end, which closes up the view like an urn in an Italian garden. The length of this great vista must be almost a *locus classicus*, as an example of the spaciousness of a fine English home.

<sup>1</sup> Admirably described in the "Story of Two Noble Lives."

westering (the aspect, I suppose, may be north-west), we sat down at last with huge portfolios of drawings, probably those very portfolios which, during Lady Waterford's visit to Osborne, she had just been showing to the queen, and of one of which Mr. Hare quotes in such a comical letter that she "feared it would catch hold of Her nose," and she should be "sent to the Tower." This plain table in its corner of the library, not perfectly lit for a studio, was her only workshop. She had no paraphernalia, no lay figures, no models; here she used to sit and draw "what came into her head,"<sup>1</sup> thankful if she could get a friend to stand or sit or kneel for a few minutes to correct or articulate the position of some figure; the apparatus was almost impossibly meagre compared with the humblest artist's room. There were some loose colors, a tumbler of water, some blocks,—a pencil we had then difficulty in finding, I remember. At this table we sat, Lady Waterford as usual full in the light, I between her and the window, noticing more and more the radiant transparency of her profile as the rosy light flushed the room a little towards sunset.<sup>2</sup>

I record it as one of my memorable hours. The variety of our discourse hinged on the many subjects of the drawings—subjects sacred and romantic, subjects of children, of young lovers, of old people, carrying us hither and thither as we passed from one picture to another; studies of forges, of armor, of flowers, of birds and animals, of drapery in flowing folds; I shall not find again such an hour of leisure in which to touch upon or gather up the manifold ideals of a well-stored life. There is a passage in Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," where he justly says: "Selfe-love is better than any guilding to make that seeme gorgeous wherein our selves are parties;" but "myself" was so small a "party" in

that dear discourse that I do not think I am deceived; it was "gorgeous." From pigs and crows to holy children; in my brain that evening, as in the September dusk I wandered back along the cliff, there was a phantasmagoria of impressions, all of things a little transfigured by the crucible of her peculiar point of view—a point of view that seemed to me feminine, full of curves, opposed to angular pre-Raphaelites, and yet pre-Raphaelite itself.

Of many of the drawings, too, she had tales to tell. There was a drawing of Bunyan working at the forge, with his wife reading the Bible aloud to him; here one could see how much the idea had been, how small was the experience of details.

"It's a cave," I said, "not a forge."

"Oh, yes!" she said, "it's a cave; I used to go creeping and peeping about outside forges, forges really of my own tenants, and longing to have courage to go in and ask to be allowed to draw them, but I hardly dared to ask. Take it, if you like it. Do take it. It's a cave."

It is a beautiful and powerful drawing done at Ford. I showed it afterwards to Mr. Linley Sambourne, I remember, and his young son, fellow-guests with myself at Capesthorpe, and was rather chagrined when one of them said: "Bunyan's got hold of the red-hot bar with his hand," and the other said: "It's not much he'd hear of the Bible while he hammered on the bar like that," and I knew Lady Waterford would have heartily endorsed the justice of their comment, coupled as it was with admiration of the tone and beauty of the scene. Small water-color as it is, it has the depth and richness of an oil painting and the force of an old master.<sup>3</sup>

The drawings I most admired were "Hope painting the Future in the brightest colors, and Memory drawing the Past"—two lovely female figures,

<sup>1</sup> Often by lamplight.

<sup>2</sup> There is no more beautiful portrait of Lady Waterford than that in youth, by Watts, belonging to Miss Duff Gordon; showing better than the rest this matchless delicacy of outline.

<sup>3</sup> "Bunyan working on his kettles at the flaming forge, and his wife sitting over her book; at some point of her reading she would look up, and their eyes would meet," so perhaps she is not reading aloud.

one gaily standing before an easel with a palette of brilliant hues, the other drawing also, but with dull, chalky tints, and bowing a shrouded head over her arm as she remembers; "The Prodigal Son" in the gloaming among his pigs under a lurid sky; that most beautiful "Stairs of Life," of which so much has been written, and in which one finds such characteristics of Burne-Jones: two young children together as lovers; lower down the husband and wife still hand in hand, but she immersed in her little ones, he in his books and scrolls; lower still Charon's boat and the scene of the embarkation of the devoted souls, together again in an embrace as of old, divinely sweet and tender. But beyond and above all others to me were three paintings of a subject she had greatly in her heart—a modern "Nativity," in which the place of the Virgin of Italian art is supplied by a poor widow in a barn, the white rim of her cap making a halo round her head against the snow. It is an open building, and the "snow lies white" for background, seen through the barn stanchions. The child is a very Christ-child. There are poor people and shepherds bringing loaves and wine. The whole thing was suggested to her vivid imagining by a few lines in a "*Times* leader."<sup>1</sup>

In discussing the attitude of one of the kneeling figures she complained of her lack of models; "I can't invent that knee," she said. I went and knelt down a little distance from her. "Oh! why can't you kneel there for half an hour?" she cried, and it was wonderful what an alteration she made in about five minutes, taking off boldly what would, in a human being, have

been half a foot's length of thigh. One subject I looked for among her work in vain. And I am happy to think that the only picture she painted of it is in my own possession. I bought it (from the Duchess of Leeds) at a bazaar in St. James's Square. It is magnificent—"Homeward at close of day"—it represents a group of women on their return from gathering faggots under a burning sky. The way the tones of indigo and brown come in the painting of their raiment, the way the composition mounts to the piled faggots on the head of the highest figure like snakes against the crimson sunset—literally crimson and green and gold—are of the highest achievement. It was almost the last picture she painted.

"I had a glimpse out of a carriage window of those women," she said slowly, as if she were trying again to realize the scene, when I told her about my purchase of the picture; "I was driving to Ford one winter evening; I saw just that, out of the carriage window; there was no composition about it that I knew; it was exactly what I saw, only how beautiful it was!" Yes, and how beautiful was the way in which she saw it! "I'm so very glad it's got to you," she said; "No, I never tried it again, that was beyond me." And then she began showing me the photographs of the Ford frescoes—children of the Bible—which she naturally regarded as her life-work, but which in that reduced size and colorless medium interested me much less, and two of which in Lady Brownlow's exhibition, fated to be so soon after, made no special effect. Little did she anticipate, or I, as I sat with her there, how soon these drawings that I had so longed to see, and saw now so privately, would be exhibited to an admiring public, as they were shortly after, first at Lady Brownlow's own house—to whom the majority of them was bequeathed—and afterwards at the Royal Academy. To both these exhibitions I lent my three examples of her work, and going through the rooms in Carlton House Terrace, crowded day after day with wondering

<sup>1</sup> "Christmas must have its offering as on its first day, and as the old painters drew it. Don't we see even the poor shepherds bringing their lambs and their poultry, and the kings bringing their gold, incense, and spices to a humble family in a stable? That is a picture for all time; the Great Original is rehearsed every year at our doors, not in shows and mysteries, but in sober realities. The Lord of the season always sends his representatives to receive our homage and our offerings." Of this drawing, she said in a letter to Mrs. Boyle: "It is with snow, and the whiteness of the snow is utterly distressing to me."

and reverent crowds, I thought how strange it was that the paper and the paints had been so much more durable than the hand that plied them. Of her human self there remained only the immense plaits of hair with which the life-size oval portrait-head by Sir Edwin Landseer is framed — hair which was cut off years before after an accident, of a golden auburn.<sup>1</sup>

My recollection of the end of the day is blurred. I remember an almost physical fatigue, a sense of widened fancy and expanded thought; that happy wonder—dashed with fear—"Shall I be able to remember this?" As we rose she pushed the beautiful "Nativity" drawing aside. We parted like old friends; it was dark, and I made my way along the cliff from evergreen alley to down, by the light from the sea. Some days afterwards I received a note from her, bidding me to accept the drawing I had liked—this very "Modern Christmas;" after asking where I would wish it sent, she wrote:—

*I cannot think it is good. The Times (whose sins are many) never wrote a truer or more useful sentence than those few words about Christmas. I much regret I have not the date (it was long ago) long before it (the Times) stooped to putting a*

<sup>1</sup> Many times since Lady Waterford's death I have revisited the little church at Highcliffe, where is a large window, the Apostles listening to Christ, which she painted in days rather before the renaissance of glass painting. Here too are the four beautiful memorial tablets, of alabaster, carved and blazoned, which she erected to the memory of Lord and Lady Stuart de Rothesay and the Cannings. The fourth she left ready for her own record, and it is now inscribed, "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God." The verses on the other tablets are, (1) for Lady Stuart, "The law of kindness was on her lips" (another text about love); (2) for Lord Stuart, "Hear thou from heaven thy dwelling-place, and when thou hearest forgive;" (3) for the Cannings, "I will ransom them from the power of death, I will redeem them from the grave." It is only this morning that I have been at church there, and when the rural dean preached about the alabaster box of spike-nard—very precious—I looked up at the alabaster tablets and thought what good work she had wrought, and how she had done what she could, and nothing could "trouble her" more. All these graceful human reverences that some call "waste," are they not like the very precious ointment box broken for the Divine?

March 18, 1894.

W. M. H.

forged letter into its pages. I am so pleased to have your true appreciation of Highcliffe. I only wish I could have caught Ella Boyle, and promise it the next time.

Alas! to meet the creator of "Days and Hours in my Garden," of "Ros Rosarum," and the "Heavenly Birthdays," under the auspices of the painter of the "Stairs of Life," was "too much good" denied me here. There is something mournful in that last passage of the letter every time I read it. Human promises—and do they stretch hands on and reach into eternity?

*Note.*—Since this short paper has been put into proof, I have found a letter written to me many years ago by Lady Waterford, which I append, as it is interesting for many reasons; it is dated May 27, but the year is not inscribed; it explains itself.

I assure you I have never forgotten your kind visit in London, and had been asking about you, but could not learn where you were. I shall like so very much to know young Mr. Addison, and my best plan will be to ask him to come here—to Highcliffe. I see he has a picture in the R. A., "Baffled," which in my hasty visit to the R. A. I cannot recall. I am much obliged to you for telling me of Mr. Addison. I trust you are really better now, and I can very truly sympathize in the great loss you have sustained in the death of Mrs. Sartoris. I should like to have known her better, because I had not got past the state of being a little afraid of her, which prevented complete enjoyment of her company. She was so delightful, that one felt one owed more than one had to pay for her conversation and charm. I wonder if Mr. Addison can claim to be of the family of the Addison? I shall look with great respect on him for it, were it only for "The Lord my pasture shall prepare," etc.

The introduction, however, which I was anxious to make to her, never took place. WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
REMINISCENCES OF THE "MAFASSAL"  
LAW COURTS OF BENGAL.

THE word "Mafassal," sometimes written "Mofussil," and in various



other ways, is most intelligibly translated by the word "provincial," so that these Indian courts may be roughly said to have their counterpart in the County and Magistrates' Courts of England. For several years after we had assumed responsibility for the administration of the law in our Indian Empire, the old Mussulman names of "Amin," "Sadrála," "Nizámat Adálat," "Diwáni Adálat," "Sadar Nizámat Adálat," and "Sadar Diwáni Adálat" were retained, until the acts of the Indian Council reconstituted the courts—which now are known by the names of High Courts, District and Sessions Courts, Small Cause Courts, Subordinate Judge's, Munsiff's, District Magistrate's, Joint Magistrate's, Assistant Magistrate's, and Honorary Magistrate's. The High Court is not "Mafassal," except so far as it is the Supreme Court of Appeal in Bengal; and the other tribunals have distributed amongst them all, and more than all, the judicial work, both civil and criminal, that our County Courts, Recorders, Quarter and Petty Sessions perform in this country. It is not my purpose to give a full account of these courts, with their large staffs of subordinate officials, and all the minute details of their procedure. It will be sufficient to mention that one judge unites the civil jurisdiction of a District Court and the criminal jurisdiction of a Sessions Court, whilst under him are the civil courts of subordinate judges and munsiffs, and the criminal courts of the various magistrates I have already named. This enumeration is not exhaustive, as there are other courts in non-regulation provinces, and in odd corners, so to speak, of the empire; but they may be considered as quite exceptional, and need no other mention in a description so concise as this must be. The district and sessions judge is, with but one or two exceptions, a European. He has an original civil jurisdiction, broadly speaking, unlimited, with a supervision and appellate powers over the subordinate judge and munsiff; and he has a like unlimited jurisdiction

in criminal cases—except that he cannot hang a European—with similar powers of supervision and appeal over the magistrates. He is always a covenanted civilian, who has gone through the grades of assistant and joint magistrates, at which latter stage he has had to choose between a judicial or an executive career, the two bifurcating into, one, a district and sessions judge, the other, a collector and district magistrate. As the counterpart of the barristers and solicitors of the English courts, there are advocates, pleaders, and "Muktars." The advocate, who is always a barrister, is known to the mass of natives by the appellation of "ballister sáhib," or "counsly sáhib." He is a very important man in the eyes of his client. The climate precludes the possibility of his impressing the public by that factitious addition to his dignity, a wig; and in many parts of the "Mafassal" the gown and bands are also dispensed with. In fact it has been within my experience that these sedate and learned gentlemen have so forgotten both the dignity of the court and the profession as to appear in a jaunty, light lounging coat, or even in the brilliant stripes and white flannel of a lawn-tennis suit. But, in spite of these disadvantages, he is considered a necessity in all big cases, or where the litigant, anxious about the result of his case, is not too penurious or avaricious to pay his price. He is supposed to have, in an especial manner, the ear of the bench, both *in* court, and sometimes, I regret to say, *out* of it. By a delusion, which is still common enough amongst the natives, he is believed to have opportunities of putting in a word for his client at odd and, what I may call, uncanonical moments. He is credited with being on those easy terms with the European dispensers of the law, that during a comfortable chat over a cheroot at the billiard-table, or at the convenient intervals that may occur between the games of lawn tennis or racquets, without any breach of propriety, he may metaphorically "button-hole" them, or give the conversation a turn upon the merits of his case;

though, for the sake of appearances, the whole matter is afterwards formally argued through, as if the court had never heard anything at all about it. Of course, if there be an advocate on both sides, this power may be partially or wholly neutralized. By the still more unenlightened clients, who suppose that

Every door is barred with gold, and opens  
but to golden keys,

he is credited with a still more effective power; or, to put it in a more vulgar form, he is able to "grease the wheels of justice" with a little "palm oil." It may be considered impertinent to remark even that the practices suggested exist merely in the imaginations of the grossly ignorant, but nevertheless it is a fact that the idea is a possibility, if not more, in the minds of many whose limited experience of life has taught them that every one has his price. Besides these fictitious claims upon the public confidence, he is more justly considered to have the ear of the judge in court—sometimes from his superior abilities and education, sometimes from his European pluck and energy, sometimes from his better social position, or sometimes from all combined. It may be that when the magistrate is considered weak, and the advocate is one with a talent for bullying, there is a demand for his services; but this has, to a certain extent, reacted, and with some very young civilian magistrates there is a tendency to be prejudiced against the party that retains an advocate. The pleader combines the work of both barrister and solicitor. He is mostly a native, often a Bengali, and generally a smart, able practitioner. They are to be met almost in crowds at every local bar where there is work to be had. They are keen and often successful competitors with advocates in the struggle for clients, having the advantages of a more familiar acquaintance with the native languages, which are the languages of the courts—where there are no interpreters—and being free to do work which by etiquette or procedure

is not done by the members of the higher branch. They mostly speak English well and fluently, having been perhaps well educated at the Calcutta University, from which many have obtained degrees; and, when successful in their profession, acquire a social status and a respect from both their fellow-countrymen and Europeans that very few native advocates in the "Mafassal" ever obtain. There may be a sort of clique amongst them, more understood than expressed perhaps, when the first European advocate or pleader appears on the scene, but it is not the determined boycottism that we find in our own country amongst the highly respectable businesses of life; and then native gentlemen are particularly approachable and courteous, and ever ready to be friendly to any one who is a gentleman and will take the little trouble to be courteous to them. All the same, it is not an easy thing for a European, whether advocate or pleader, to establish a connection in the "Mafassal." The competitors are too many and the competition too keen for that, even where an ignorance of the language is not an additional obstacle. The "Muktar"—pronounced "mooktar"—or law agent, is quite peculiar to the genius of the country. He has no exact counterpart in England, but he bears some resemblance to the old pettifogging, ignorant attorney, with a few common points of practice at his fingers' ends—a race now extinct. He is the first recourse of the litigant who wants advice cheaply. Both the certificated "Muktar" and the empiric prowl about the purlieus of the courts in swarms, grabbing at every client that has any kind of law business in hand. Then a traditional and stereotyped mode of helping a client they have is to, as they think, improve his case by suppressing some facts and adding others. Every witness, before he is allowed to go into court, is well drilled and taught, and has practised his evidence before them till he is believed to be tolerably safe. Unfortunately the necessity of improving their case—more especially, per-

haps, when it happens to be a very simple one—is so thoroughly rooted in the imaginations and habits of native litigants, that the "Muktar" would stand little chance of getting on in his profession if he neglected or was above this mischievous trick; and the idea of winning a case by telling the simple, short, unvarnished truth has yet got to be realized by the public. The consequence is that a magistrate has sometimes to decide in favor of a litigant who, with every one of his witnesses, has perjured himself. Some magistrates say that they can readily detect when a witness is speaking untruth, but though I believe this to be to a great extent true, it helps little to the arriving at a just decision, to the unmasking of the whole deceit, or the discovery of the true state of facts. The "Muktar" often conducts the case himself in the Magistrates' Courts. His chief aim there is to impress the client with his energy and zeal; and consequently every technical objection, however microscopic, is raised, and the patience of the magistrate is frequently strained beyond judicial endurance. In cross-examination his efforts are chiefly directed to making the witness contradict himself—which, as I have already observed, is not always of much importance in influencing the decision of the bench—and it generally ends, after many irrelevant questions, by his being summarily told to stop and sit down. In most instances the "Muktar" chooses the advocate or pleader for his client, and he is not always above doing a little smart practice for himself at that time. He will sometimes, when his client is not able to look after him, pretend to have retained an advocate for a certain fee, while all the time he has retained a junior pleader on a much smaller fee, pocketing the difference himself. Or he will, having retained the advocate at a fixed fee, debit his confiding client with just double the amount, so that he gets sometimes a good "haul" out of the case. In many instances, though, he is wretchedly paid, taking just what he can get. Nor do I mean to imply that

there may not be some very honorable exceptions among the class. He has often the sole conduct of the case in the preliminary stages, and, as often as not, the advocate or pleader finds his services have been called in when some hideous blunder has completely or almost destroyed the chances of success. He has, as a rule, the first word with the client, and has the general conduct of the legal business, whether contentious or not, of certain regular clients, for whom he also registers documents, and gives all the information he can at the various stages of progress through which the business goes. He is, in short, the legal agent or servant of those wealthy natives, of whom it may be literally said that the business of their lives is the endless litigation they have in the courts, men who are never free from legal contention of some sort. Sometimes when he instructs advocates or pleaders he assumes a knowledge which he does not possess, and those gentlemen find, to their disgust, that what they relied upon as facts are pure fictions.

The interiors of the courts afford little to describe. The judge or magistrate sits on a dais with a table in front of him, while just beneath sit the advocates or pleaders. Behind them sit the "Muktars," and behind them stand the public, whilst the parties and witnesses are examined in much the same position as you find in most English courts. Some of the Magistrate's Courts, though, are simply execrable. The advocates or pleaders are elbowed and crushed by an odoriferous crowd pressing to the front, and a badly placed punkah gives its partial breezes to the bench alone. Perhaps, too, the dais is very high, and it is only by an occasional stand on tiptoe by a moderately tall man that a view of the magisterial countenance can be obtained.

Little episodes of an exciting or amusing character sometimes happen. I remember, once, an elephant was being sold by auction in execution of a decree, and, for some reason or other, it had not its proper "mahout," or driver, on its back. The sale was tak-

ing place on the large open ground or plain round the courts, and a small crowd had assembled to listen to the bidding. What with the noise and the absence of its proper keeper, the animal began to show signs of irritation, which of course only increased the excitement and the noise amongst the people. Suddenly it ran at one of the spectators, knocked him down, and was proceeding to tread the life out of him when one of its "grass-cutters," standing by, struck it with a spear and drove it off. The driver on its back then got frightened and, watching his opportunity as the elephant went under a tree, seized hold of a branch and swung himself up. The elephant tried once or twice to push the tree down, but, not being able to do this, it wandered about in the thorough enjoyment of its liberty, at every turn of its body sending the panic-stricken but still curious people, now collected in large numbers, scampering in all directions. Soon it came upon a dog-cart belonging to one of the judge's clerks, who had probably left his work to see the spectacle. The horse had been taken out, and the elephant, lifting the whole vehicle up in its trunk, with as much ease, apparently, as I should lift up a small terrier by the scruff of the neck, let it fall with a crash to the ground. By this time every one who had any description of a vehicle within the vicinity, and could get away, began to drive off as fast as possible. The courts became demoralized, all turning out to witness what would next take place. The "grass-cutter" went to the animal, which, though it suffered him to approach, would by no means allow him to get on his back, or control him in any way. The police sent round a notice to the few European bungalows—it being near the time for the evening drive—to the effect that they should stay at home, or look out for the elephant. There was no need to proclaim the danger to the native bazaar, though I believe it was done, as the news would spread far faster in its natural course. The courts suspended work for the day, not only because it was

near the time to do so, but because it was impossible to stop occasional stampedes into them by frightened crowds at every new movement of the elephant, and because every one was in too excited a state to do any business. At last another elephant, which was kept at the police "lines," arrived on the scene, with chains and a number of men armed with spears to capture the truant, but immediately it caught sight of its would-be capturers it turned tail and bolted, with its pursuers following, and was not secured until early the next morning, about thirty miles distant, by its proper "mahout."

At other times it has happened that the course of justice has been suspended by, what may seem to many, a strangely small cause, contrasted with the story I have just told. There was once a district and sessions judge—"and a good judge, too"—who had a particular antipathy to the notes of a bird which is generally known over some parts of India as the "brain fever" bird—the proper ornithological name being, I believe, koel. The above nickname suggests the annoyance it causes to the many Europeans who, when the temperature is high in the hot months, suffer from cerebral irritation. It begins in a comparatively low key, getting gradually higher and higher in tones of greater and greater despair at each repetition of notes, which I have often heard jokingly described as resembling the words "we feel it." When it has reached a point at which its excited feelings seem to be most intense it stops and begins again with little or no interval. One dreadful peculiarity of this bird is that it sings at night as well as by day, and very frequently takes its position just outside the open door of a bungalow, where some restless being is trying to steal a few hours of unconsciousness in the sultry heat. Now you can imagine the effect upon one of fine nervous organization in such a climate, in the heat of the day, perhaps after having had a night's performance of this dreadful chant, with a crowded odoriferous court, and a case perhaps too

hopelessly entangled with lying, and too badly conducted by some second-rate pleaders to give one a chance of ever extricating the truth, except by chance. Well, the story is current that this judge used to keep a loaded gun in his court, ready at hand, and whenever one of these intolerable nuisances began to wail he would rush out, stalk, shoot it, and returning into court, quietly resume the proceedings as if nothing had happened of an un-forensic character.

The court buildings are generally spacious, singled-storied blocks, with a verandah round the four sides. There is, however, no waiting-room accommodation for the numerous pleaders and "Muktars," still less for the crowds of litigants. In most stations the pleaders have erected, at their own expense, a small bungalow, wherein they sit in one long room waiting for their cases to be called on. This room is open to the public, and the most important points of law, and business of the most vital interest to clients, are discussed and settled here in the midst of a noise and bustle sufficient to make the inexperienced European, accustomed perhaps to settle, or see matters settled of this kind in the quiet of a barrister's, solicitor's, or some private room, wonder how it can be done. But it is all a matter of custom, and the native pleader has always been in the habit of giving his attention, whether it is to advise, argue points of law, or write out documents, in the midst of what the good old-fashioned housewives used to call "a duck market." In some places there is a very respectable law-library, got up by private subscription; and advocates, whose bungalows are perhaps a little distance off, sit there waiting for their cases, or consulting with their clients. The "Muktars" squat under an erection of grass and thatch, which we should in England call a shed; whilst the unfortunate litigants, for whom primarily, partly at whose expense, all this wonderful system of law, these costly buildings and staff of officials are kept up, sit or stand anywhere,

often in picturesque groups, in the verandahs, under the great peepul and parca trees, or in the blistering sun. At one time of the year there blows a hot wind from the west, with all the force of a hurricane. Clouds of fine white dust rush along, covering everything and blinding every one. Then the European shuts up his bungalow, and lives the day in darkness, but the wretched witness and the still more wretched suitor or party in the cause has to sit, sheltering himself as best he can, day after day in attendance, and often for many days after the date fixed for his case to be tried.

In the extensive ground round the courts markets thrive, money-changers and licensed stamp-vendors seem to do a brisk trade, and most articles that are procurable in the bazaar shops can be had with a little judicious bargaining, both cheap and good. Beggars, fakirs, and cripples of every description mingle with the crowd, or take their daily and regular position on the roadside leading to the courts. In one station there was an old woman, whom the natives called a witch. She lived close to the Magistrates' Courts, in a very small grass hut, something similar in shape to those erections in which our own gipsies live under the hedgerows. Here she kept twenty cats, each one answering to its name by springing on to her shoulder in turn as she called it. She seemed a half-witted, perfectly harmless old dame. Whether, like Miss Flite, she had had her mind crushed, both "youth and beauty" blighted, and her vicinity to the courts and her fancy for cats could be connected with the history of some dreary lawsuits and injustice, I never knew. Soon after I saw her first she was evicted by the authorities, or taken away by her relatives; at all events she and her house disappeared, and I never heard of her again.

Some curious cases crop up in these courts occasionally. I remember one in which the only real point at issue was the identity of a village. It really was doubtful, from the evidence, whether it had one name or another,



whether there were one or two villages, and even whether it existed at all or had become merged in some other. Native accounts are generally beyond the European intellect. Fortunately for the judicial brain, the Procedure Code enables them to be handed to experts, who can submit an abstract of their investigations to the court.

The bench, more especially the district and sessions judge, is subject to various annoyances, or what would be considered such in England. He is immediately and solely subordinate to the High Court, and it is the constant practice of, perhaps, disappointed suitors to send anonymous letters to the latter, with accusations against the partiality of the judge. In one, I remember, it was stated that he watched the eye of an old influential planter in the district, who was in the habit of attending the court for cases he was interested in; and the innuendo was, of course, that the decisions were given in accordance with some well-understood ocular signal. Another judge had, in open court, expressed his disapprobation of the practices of some wealthy native gentlemen who had formed a sort of ring for the purposes of what, in legal parlance, is called "maintenance" and "champerty." Immediately after this he received an anonymous letter of a very threatening character, and, stranger still, he very soon after died in a way mysterious enough to warrant a *post-mortem* examination being held. The result of the examination, I believe, sufficiently accounted for the death without justifying the uneasiness felt that there had been foul play; but the cause of death was, I understood, a rather unusual one, and the coincidence created a good deal of suspicion, which to this very day is not, perhaps, entirely removed from the minds of some.

Not infrequently one witnesses fierce combats between a couple of ponies in the open ground round the courts. They are in considerable numbers, the properties chiefly of "Muktars" and litigants, and always secured to the trunk or bough of a tree, or to the

wheel of a native vehicle from which, perhaps, they have been unharnessed. Occasionally they break loose, and immediately "go for" some other pony close by, and then most desperate fights take place. They roar like wild beasts, rear, kick, bite, and roll each other over in the dust; and it becomes a combat *à outrance*, until their owners or others rush to the spot, and with difficulty secure them again. And in the midst of the dense crowd round the courts you will often see a fat Brahminy bull walking lazily along to find some more suitable pasture, or on his way to join the herd of cows which daily grazes upon the scanty grass. Little or no notice is taken of him, his appearance is a sufficient guarantee of his disinclination for any kind of aggression that necessitates the least activity.

The court hours are from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M., unless they are changed, as they sometimes are during the few hottest months, and then they are from 7 A.M. to 11 A.M. There is always a considerable crowd lingering round and about the various offices, long after the courts rise, but it gradually dwindles away, and by sunset the once busy scene has completely changed.

A. D. BOLTON.

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From The Speaker.

#### A HUMBLE BIOGRAPHY.

WE all know that no man is a hero to his valet, but we do not so uniformly know that a valet may be a hero to the man. The man, indeed, requires an eye for the heroic, and a soul capable of appreciating it wherever it may appear, whether hidden under plush or flaunted in armor, muffled in a deferential "Yes, sir," or shouted in a challenge round the lists. We know that Byron wanted a hero, and in great straits cried out for one, like beaten yet invincible Richard for a horse; but then Byron was an aristocrat, and so fastidious. Sir Walter had many heroes, for he was no aristocrat, though he now and then affected in his sly and pawky way to admire an idealized aris-

toeracy ; but when it came to the bit, and the heart of the man was touched, he found the heroes of real life, as distinguished from the airy creations of his own romance, in Will Laidlaw, who was a poet and critic as well as factor and amanuensis ; in Tom Purdie, who was a man as well as a factotum ; and in those others of his people who would have given their souls for his.

Now the hero — if hero be the proper term — of this paper would not have satisfied Byron, but he would have delighted the soul of Scott. He was our college porter, but the college was not large, and its porter had to play many parts. Before he attained this position he had been in the army, and had there learned the dignity of bearing which never forsook him, though dignity of mind was too native to him to need to be learned anywhere. He had been in the cavalry, and had the contempt of the man who rides on horseback for the man who walks on foot, and this sense of superiority had been increased by seeing how an Irish mob which had stood up to the infantry, fled helter-skelter before the onset of the cavalry. He had been an orderly, too, and knew the ways of officers as well as of men. And so he brought to his office a quite peculiar distinction of carriage and speech. He had been told, and he considered truly, that he resembled a distinguished member of the House of Lords who had a place in the neighborhood ; and when he was once stopped on the road and spoken to as if he were the very lord himself, he regarded it as an incident quite natural in the circumstances, as it were part of the fitness of things. Yet, while he knew what was due to himself, he had a fine consideration for diffidence. If a freshman was very fresh and manifestly overawed or abashed in his presence — which did once or twice happen — he would kindly explain that he was no professor, but only a porter. Still, he always believed that the man gave dignity to the office, not the office to the man. And he quite lived up to his faith.

We had not been long in residence

before John's unique qualities revealed themselves, for he was, as it were, an older member of the college than I, being, indeed, its first, and for a while its sole, tenant. There were thus no traditions for him to follow, defining, as it were, his duties and dignities ; but he knew, as by instinct, that greater is he who makes than he who only inherits traditions. The first discovery of his peculiar qualities came about in a characteristic way. He had taken cold, and was confined to his room ; so, to beguile the tedious days, we sent down to him some of the lighter magazines. But our invalid had passed the stage when stories and illustrations could please. So the magazines were returned with respectful gratitude and the message that copies not in use of the *Contemporary* or *Nineteenth Century* would be preferred. These were accordingly despatched instead, and I soon found that John's speech was as the speech of one whose studies ranged through the higher and abstruser literature. Yet it was speech that always had a fine military flavor, even when most literary. When he had any important matter to communicate he used to come to the study, carefully close the door, stroke his moustache, stand to attention, and then, as he was fitly poised, and I duly expectant, he would solemnly begin. In those days we were dependent for our water supply on a spring, and our cisterns were filled by means of an hydraulic ram. The spring did not always flow, and the ram did not always work to his or our satisfaction. After a long drought, when the spring was low and the supply inadequate, we had heavy rains, with results which John announced thus : " Water enough now, sir ; the rains have permeated the soil and resuscitated all the drains to overflowing." But the ram was a constant trouble, especially in dirty weather. " Why won't it work ? " I once asked, and was answered, " Why, sir, it is all corroded with rust, and every time I visit it I get myself all corroded with mud." So we had to get rid of the ram, but John's troubles were not thereby

ended. "What are you?" he was once asked by a saucy student who had been doing some mischief which he had interfered to prevent, and he replied with grave dignity, "I am the curator appointed to conserve this building." While doing this work of conservation, I once found him clearing away some snow which had got into the library. "How is this here, John?" I asked, and he answered, "Why, sir, there is no part of this building replete." A colleague, who was prone to pedagogic corrections, said, "Complete, you mean;" but he, with incorrigible dignity, replied, "No, sir; replete." One day when the wind was blowing a hurricane, some one had entered without closing behind him the large door which opened on the main staircase, and the wind went whistling along the passages, shaking the windows and banging the doors. John hastened to shut the wind out, and then turned to ask a little knot of students if any of them had left the door open. "I did," said one. "Well, sir," he answered, "do you not see the wind is perforating the building?" With a tutor who had one night left two boys in a class-room by themselves, where they had had a high time in the manner of boys, he remonstrated next day on the danger of permitting boys to use "protechnics" in a room.

He was one of the most trustworthy of men; his integrity was incorruptible; and when left in charge he was as vigilant as a sentry on duty. One of the offices he was entrusted with was the printing of the examination papers, which were taken simply by transfer from a copying pad. Once he complained to me that something had gone wrong, "for," said he, "I used to be able to take fourteen or fifteen copies from a single impression, but now, when I have taken six or seven, they become quite inaudible." The students, who liked to humor him by apparently anxious questions, knew what he did, and one inquired, "What kind of papers are we to have to-day, John?" "Short, but stiff." On one occasion, when the papers had been

rather heavier than usual, with a large representation of the sacred and classical tongues, John asked, when the examinations were over, if he might have a set. "Certainly," I said; "but what for?" "Oh," he answered, "I like to send them home to my father, that he may know what we are about. He is an old man, but he takes an interest in all my work." And, indeed, no man ever felt more as if the reputation of the college was his own, and he was as jealous of it as if it were the reputation of the British army. He had in a corner of the grounds a little garden which he had reclaimed and diligently cultivated, and to see him on a summer evening looking down on the lawns, and walks, and buildings, was to have an image of how a certain proud monarch may have looked when he said: "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" Yet his pride was not the pride of possession, but of service; he gloried as the soldier glories who knows he is not the army, but knows also that it would not be the army he knows without him.

I found John in the college, and left him there with regret. He very much wanted to go with me, as he said "it had always been his ambition to fill a post in the classical city of Oxbridge," whither he knew I was bound. But as he could not go, he assured me that it would always be the proudest event of his life that, in however humble—and, indeed, menial—a capacity, he had been for so many years associated with me. He was a man of excellent worth, and he filled his porter's office with as much dignity as any man could fill a soldier's. In the college chapel we had open services every Sunday, and then John, with conspicuous grace, played the part of door-keeper. Years afterwards, when these services had been discontinued, my wife and I were on a visit to our old home, and, of course, saw John. She said she was sorry the services had been given up, and he replied: "Yes, madam, I am very sorry, too; but to have your liberty curtailed and your freedom abridged for fifty-two days in the year

was very irksome indeed. Nevertheless, I shall miss the paltry pittance — the emoluments of office, as it were — and perhaps also the distinction of service."

It is some years since John joined the majority, but there are many who remember him with affection and regret. The students of the days when he was college porter are scattered far and wide, in towns and villages of England, in India, and America, in the colonies and the islands of the South Seas; but whenever two or three of them meet and old memories are exchanged, John reappears, the old stories are retold, quaint traits and amusing incidents are recalled, and the passing moment is made all the happier by the image of one who made so much of the happiness of the past. And were it granted to the invisible to be present at a visible reunion, surely it would not detract from the celestial content of the old man to know that even a porter may contribute to the distinctive life and the most cherished memories of the college he adorned.

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From The Strand Magazine.  
THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

His Highness, Abbas II., whose visit to England will increase the popular interest in his personality, is a very different man from the ordinary type of Oriental sovereign. He has none of his religious bigotry, his narrowness of thought, or ignorance of the outside world, its people, and its languages. On the contrary, he is a man of considerable enlightenment, speaks several languages fluently, has visited many European countries, and is now seeking to draft on to the Egyptian system such of the European institutions as he considers suitable for his country. Whilst the Khedive Abbas is, and has for some time past been, about the most-discussed ruler the world takes cognizance of, he is at the same time the most misunderstood. To the public eye he is a stubborn, stiff-necked Oriental with the wilfulness of youth,

fanatical in his hatred of England and the English, and, as a ruler, uncompromisingly despotic in his instincts. This view of him has been arrived at through the telegraphic fiction which malice and political exigencies have caused to be given to the world. It is time the public saw the other side of the picture. A young man called to rule at an age when most Europeans have scarcely begun to seriously consider the question of the battle of life; full of energy, pluck, and ambition; possessed of an indomitable will, impatient of restraint, and anxious to be up and doing.

In manner his Highness strikes one at first as being somewhat cold — the coldness of Oriental reserve tempered with not a little natural shyness. But this reserve once broken, quite another man unfolds himself before one. His frank, pleasing countenance lights up with almost European vivacity, the half-mistrustful, questioning look in his eyes gives place to a look of confidence; he converses brightly, intelligently, seizes a point with marked quickness, and is most ready with his replies. For one so young his general knowledge and insight into things are really remarkable. He has a high opinion of his dignity, and the training he received at the strictest court in Europe — that of Austria — has left a strong impression upon him. The officials, who, under the easy-going *régime* of his father had such an easy time of it, find him a somewhat severe disciplinarian, but no one can honestly question his sense of justice. Since his coming to the throne he has made many radical changes at the palace. In the old days people used to drop in, much after the fashion of dropping in at a club, under the pretext of State affairs, to drink coffee and smoke cigarettes with the officials. *Nous avons changé tout cela*, however, for Khedive Abbas emphatically declared at the outset that he would not have his palace turned into a Viennese *café*; so to-day free coffee, free smokes, officially speaking, are "off" at the Abdin Palace; the inevitable gossip, minus the smokes and

the drinks, is, however, still on — very much on.

Khedive Tewfik was not a great stickler for forms and ceremony, but there is nothing that the present khedive is so particular about as the manner in which those, no matter how highly placed, conduct themselves in his presence, any relaxation of the prescribed form of respect meeting with severe condemnation at his hands. His Highness's look of indignation when a certain European official presumed to cross his legs whilst seated in his presence will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. At the reception which his Highness did me the honor of extending me at the Abdin Palace (in the State reception-room), I was much struck by the great deference paid him by his ministers. His Highness's English secretary is Brewster Bey, one of the most straightforward and at the same time most amiable of the khedive's personal staff. In Brewster Bey, who is an Englishman, his Highness has implicit confidence, and he could, no doubt, relate many instances of the generous treatment Englishmen have received at the khedive's hands, for he is the medium between his Highness and his countrymen, and knows, perhaps better than any one else, the khedive's real feelings towards England and the English. His Highness has never, unfortunately, stood well with the representatives of the English press in Cairo, and the British public has formed its opinion of him from the views advanced by these representatives in the newspapers here. The first difference with the English press arose in a very curious way — but from small things do great matters sometimes spring. A representative of one of the great London dailies called at the Abdin Palace to see the khedive, attired in a garb proscribed by the rules and regulations at the palace — the orthodox frock-coat and chimney-pot hat being *de rigueur* for callers. The khedive, as was to have been expected, refused to see his visitor. A complaint was made to Lord Cromer, but, of course, without

result, and the representative and his colleagues — for the press in Cairo is a close fraternity — took it out of his Highness in their own way.

His Highness is quite a sportsman, is an excellent shot, and is fond of riding and driving. He has all an Oriental's love of horseflesh, and he has recently caused a commission to be appointed to improve the breed of horses, and prizes to the value of about £1,000 are given by him at horse shows in different parts of the country. At his model farm one sees imported specimens of all that is best in Europe of horses, cattle, and poultry. For his laborers he has erected a model village, with school, club, and mosque; they have also a fire-engine station. All these his Highness supports at his own expense. Like the sultan of Turkey, he, from a State-work standpoint, is a hard worker. He rises every morning a little after five, and, after dressing, rides round the home farm or to the parade ground at Abbassieh, returning to Koubbeh at half past seven to breakfast. His breakfast is generally brief, being over in about half an hour, so that at eight o'clock he commences work on affairs of State, not in a merely perfunctory way, but in real earnest; for he goes minutely into every detail of any question that comes before him, and, until this is done, nothing is either put aside or decided upon. His attention to State business lasts till noon, when he lunches with his personal suite. Luncheon over, he attends to his private correspondence, and reads the newspapers of the day. From three to five he receives visits from the diplomatic corps and other officials. This over, he rides or drives until sunset, seldom failing to visit the stables, dairy, etc., at the home farm before sitting down to dinner. After dinner his Highness passes the evening with his khedivial mother — by the by, one of the most beautiful women in the East — and his sisters. In the summer months the khedive leaves Cairo for the cooler air of Alexandria, where he resides at the palaces of Ras-el-Tin or Ramleh. STUART CUMBERLAND.







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